

LIFE

PLOT TO GET 'WHITEY'

Red-hot young Negroes plan a ghetto war

LIZ IN A SHOCKER

HER MOVIE
SHATTERS THE
RULES OF
CENSORSHIP

ELIZABETH TAYLOR

In 'Who's Afraid
of Virginia Woolf?'

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JUNE 10 • 1966 • 35¢



The closer he gets...the better you look!*

Now! Shampoo-in hair color so natural it invites close-ups!

Let distance lend enchantment—to other women! You be the gal who looks even lovelier close up! Fresher, prettier, more exciting when your hair glows with the soft, natural-looking color of new Nice'n Easy by Clairol.



Pour it on...
work it through.
Wash just minutes
rinse...shampoo!
Nice'n Easy...
so natural looking!



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**New!
Nice'n Easy[®]
by Clairol**

**the natural-looking hair color
you just shampoo in!***

Here is an easy-to-do, once-a-month shampoo-in hair color so rich in formula, it can lighten lighter...brighten brighter...and deepen more evenly! So rich, it covers gray better than any other shampoo-in color...so rich, it leaves your hair with lively body...and an exciting glow! Try it for a lift...for the confidence, deep inside, of knowing your beautiful hair color looks so natural it invites close-ups! **The closer he gets...the better you look!**



Touch-Tone push buttons are swift servants of the modern hand. With them you place calls faster and someday will "input" instructions into bank and store computers to render and pay bills, transfer money, charge purchases, verify credit and thus gain greater command of personal time and energy. Still other ways they can free you of daily drudgery are being explored.

Tomorrow's Telephone Service – A Forecast

Bell System planning now extends to the year 2000. We see possibilities that go beyond. Already, Touch-Tone[®] service has become a magic key to many doors.

New advances in telephone service promise to make your daily life easier, and give you still more command of your personal time and energy.

One advance is today's Touch-Tone service—the push-button means of placing calls that is now being introduced in many areas.

These buttons will not only let you call your bank, for example, but may someday put you "on line" into your

bank's computer in order to pay bills, verify deposits, and use revolving credit. There are many such "input" uses for these ten little buttons.

Another big step forward is the Electronic Switching System, which in the years ahead will be handling almost all phone calls. The first ESS office went into operation last year and more are being added.

Spurred by what we have learned

from Electronic Switching, we are now adapting existing equipment to test new optional services that...switch your calls to your host's home for the evening...add a third phone to a conversation...hold one call on your home phone while you answer another, then go back to the first.

Picturephone[®] service that lets you see while you talk will add visual enjoyment to your calls.

There is no end to telephone progress. As new service needs arise, new Bell System thinking will meet them.

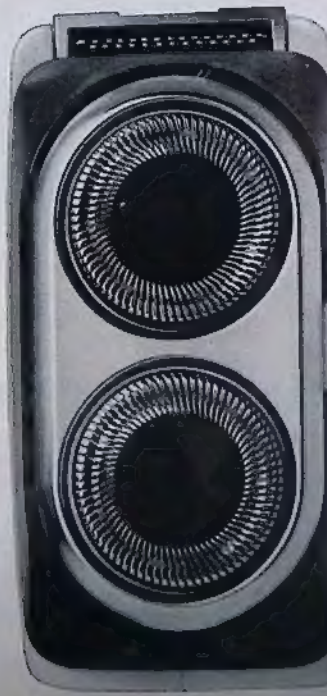
For the Bell System is simply people at work for other people, to make communications serve better in many more personal ways.



Bell System
American Telephone & Telegraph
and Associated Companies

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Norelco dares to match shaves with a blade.



Because we've shaved down our shaving head 35% thinner... for 35% closer shaves than ever before.

You'll have to try it to believe it! The Norelco Speedshaver®30 will match any blade for closeness. And outdo any blade for comfort. Because Norelco rotary blades shave in smoothing, soothing circles, whisking off whiskers. Without a cut. Or nick. Or irritation. Ever! Norelco heads 'float' to fit the shape of your face. And there's a pop-up trimmer for razor-sharp sideburns. For a comfortably close shave, nothing can match a Norelco.

Now a Rechargeable, too! Packs two weeks of shaving with a single charge!

New Norelco Speedshaver 40C gives the same close, comfortable shave. With a cord. Or without. Take it away!



And don't forget there's a Norelco Cordless 15C that works on night batteries. And the low-priced Norelco 'Flip-Top' 20, the perfect first shaver.

Norelco® The Close Electric Shave
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Campaign Money Needs a Law

In the past 20 years Congress has rejected 17 different programs designed to bring order to the financial chaos of election campaigns. President Johnson has just tossed suggestion number 18 into the bopper. It may not get very far either, but it should. One impetus for a new look at the subject is all the swirl around Connecticut Senator Thomas Dodd, who had his own idea on what were campaign funds and what were personal finances.

The Corrupt Practices Act of 1925—the law that still regulates campaign spending—was aptly named. If ever a law was designed to promote corrupt practices, this is it. For instance, it provides that a congressman can spend only \$5,000 in a bid for election and a senator \$25,000. But it sets no limit on the number of outside committees that can help by spending an equal amount. Thus, a senatorial candidate has to maintain the fiction that the dozen or more committees set up to accept donations for his cause do

so without his "knowledge or consent."

The extent of this and other shenanigans can be gauged by the fact that all parties reported total expenses across the country in the '64 election as \$17.8 million. A reliable estimate of the amount actually spent, starting with the primaries, puts it at \$200 million.

Much of the other \$150 million did not have to be reported to the Clerk of the House of Representatives or the Secretary of the Senate. And even the transactions that should have been reported—but weren't—will never be investigated. Justice Department policy is "not to institute investigations . . . in the absence of a request from the Clerk of the House of Representatives or Secretary of the Senate." Since both of those men are elected by the houses they serve, it is not surprising that neither has ever asked for an investigation of any member's election.

Claiming that the present measures are "more loophole than law," President Johnson submitted a bill that would: ▶ Encourage the small contributor by allowing him to deduct up to \$100 in campaign contributions from his income tax.

- ▶ Do away with the unrealistic limit on the amount a candidate can accept, replacing it with a strict limit of \$5,000 as the top amount that any one person can contribute to one candidate.
- ▶ Tighten up the disclosure rules so that details of any contribution over \$100 would be recorded.

President Johnson should be commended for submitting an essentially fair and workable bill—particularly in light of a report on the '64 election recently published by the Citizens' Research Foundation which accused the Democrats of a "credibility gap" in their campaign funds reports. Citing examples of income that did not match outgo, the report held that the Democrats' action "led to a climate that could hardly foster confidence in the law or in political finance management."

If President Johnson's party is the first to suffer under a reformed law, then more power to him for having suggested it. And if the Congress has the guts to pass the Johnson bill, then it should also be strong enough to rewrite its weakest provision—the continued use of the Clerk of the House and the Secretary of the Senate as watchdogs. They shouldn't be expected to police the men who gave them their jobs.

The New Negro Mood

One lively sector of Negro opinion was not invited to last week's White House Conference on Civil Rights: the Revolutionary Action Movement described on page 100—the "red hots" who are actually rehearsing for a race war. Was this a serious omission? How important are they in the civil rights scene as a whole?

Perhaps most Negroes are readier to use force than they used to be; they have less stake than whites in the status quo. But they do have a stake in democracy. The vast majority probably still believe that equality can be won by peaceful means and that force would be self-defeating. This majority includes not only the successful bourgeois Negroes but most of the ghetto poor. Dr. Kenneth B. Clark points out that nearly 90% of the young people of Harlem do not get in trouble with the law. The truest cliché about the Negro remains the one that terms him an "exaggerated American"—just like everyone else, only more so. As Ralph Ellison put it,

"The values of my people are neither white nor black; they are American."

But, that said, it must also be said that the desperation of the red hots, if not their methods, is symptomatic of a widespread Negro mood in the U.S. today. Adam Clayton Powell Jr., who is no great asset to the Negro cause but is a pretty good bellwether of its mood, told the graduating class at Howard University last month that "the era of compromise is gone." He urged them to abandon the conference table and "to seek black power . . . audacious power" instead. The new Negro mood is at once more militant and more race-conscious.

If this makes many whites uncomfortable, they should remember one thing about the price of being a Negro in America. Dr. Clark puts it thus: "Given the chronic debasement and assaults on his ego, probably the most difficult feeling for any American Negro to maintain toward himself or any other Negro is that of stable and unqualified respect." Since he hates the role imposed on him, it is all too natural for him also to hate either the white man or himself. The Muslims, and especially the late Malcolm X, began to cure this self-hatred with their brand of reverse

racism. The cure is now spreading in a saner, non-Muslim form among many, or perhaps most, Negroes.

Says Dr. J. Alfred Cannon, a distinguished Negro psychiatrist in Los Angeles, "The apathy and despair that used to be dissipated in anger at each other by the Negroes is being partially replaced by pride. . . . The old hedonism is absent from the nationalist movement. There's a sense of importance, apartness and destiny. . . . Real self-help must be preceded by pride of some sort."

John Brown once told the great slave leader Frederick Douglass that "No people could have self-respect, or be respected, who would not fight for their freedom." Common sense and mutual dependence can prevent the fight from turning into interracial violence. A new Negro readiness to fight will be evident, however, not just in the red-hot fringe but in a more general assertiveness and even arrogance. Whites should be prepared for this. A great deal of mutual hurt may be the price of the candid confrontation that is rending the old veil of caste. Let none bemoan the fact that Negroes no longer "know their place." The reason they don't is that they are in the course of occupying a new place—and about time, too.



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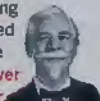


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**LIFE** MOVIE REVIEW

**Tough, Young
World by
an Old Pro**

A YOUNG WORLD
directed by Vittorio de Sica

Vittorio de Sica, the director who once led the cinematic avant-garde, is now running hard to keep up with it. It is disconcerting to see the man whose postwar experiments in neorealism (*Shoeshine*, *The Bicycle Thief*, *Umberto D.*) did more than anything to remind us that movies could be art, deliberately imitating the styles and attitudes of the younger men who followed him. It is especially so when his latest film, *A Young World*, reveals that his technical skills and his powers of social and psychological observation are still very much intact.

To dispose of *A Young Love*'s disappointments first, it is yet another story of young love blighted by the necessity of having to exist in the uncomprehending world. Its lovers and their plight are reminiscent of a hundred first novels and, more to the point, such recent movies as *The Leather Boys* and the ridiculously overpraised *The Girl-Getters*, to name just two in the burgeoning youth-misunderstood genre.

He is a young photographer, she is a first-year medical student. They meet and make love at a costume ball and, swept away on the unlikely wings of modern—or guilty—hedonism, they neglect to exchange names and addresses. But they are basically decent kids; he goes looking for her. Finds her pining and together they discover real love. Which is a good thing, because she is pregnant. If you have seen *The L-Shaped Room* or *Love with the Proper Stranger* you know what the next question is. That's right. She finally agrees with him that their relationship cannot stand the strain imposed by the pattern of tiny responsibilities and off she goes to the illicit doctors.

She is actually on the operating table before she realizes that, loving life as she does, she cannot be a party to its destruction. The film ends ambiguously, with boy and girl searching one another's face for the meaning of her decision. The audience is left searching for the movie-makers who will de-romanticize this whole subject and actually show some people going through with an abortion. As the

Yes, for all its derivative-ness, I found myself responding to *A Young World* more positively than I have so far indicated. For one thing, Christine Delacroix and Nino Castelnuovo are very attractive as the lovers, capable of conveying both the gravity and the grace of their situation. For another, De Sica is still De Sica, one of the great lovely directors. He captures the meaningless bustle of a city, the sterility of the girl's dormitory and the factory-like quality of her university with an unmisgiving precision that gives motive to her passion and contrast to her modesty. Her encounter with a pair of genteel lady abolitionists is a perfectly realized moment of chilling greenness.

Finally, the simple fact that De Sica and his long-time script-writer, Cesare Zavattini, are both 63 years old adds an important dimension to the film. One gathers that they have experienced the corruptions of the commercial world far more deeply (or at least longer) than the young men who are usually responsible for this kind of movie. When their hero goes forth to make a film with the *pappazzetti*, as a fashion photographer's assistant, as an entrepreneur of whores, as usually a gigolo, one gets the feeling that he is being savaged by experience in the art of moral carnage. They have seen it all and know it all and their work has immense authority.

It remains a disappointment, as any self-consciously imitative film must be, but it is never a total loss. About the young world De Sica and Zavattini know mainly what they have seen at the movies, but about the old world of the fast and filthy buck and the still older one of individual alienation, they know a great deal at first hand and this gives their film the power to rise intermittently above those compromises which may be, along with wearied wisdom, the inevitable result of living in the '60s.

by Richard Schickel



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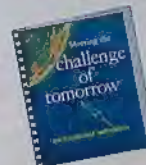
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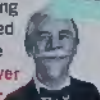
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LIFE MOVIE REVIEW

Tough, Young World by an Old Pro

A YOUNG WORLD
directed by Vittorio de Sica

Vittorio de Sica, the director who once led the cinematic avant-garde, is now coming hard to keep up with it. It is disconcerting to see the man whose postwar experiments in neo-realism (*Shoeshine*, *The Bicycle Thief*, *Umberto D.*) did more than anything to remind us that movies could be art, deliberately imitating the styles and attitudes of the younger men who followed him. It is especially so when his latest film, *A Young World*, reveals that his technical skills and his powers of social and psychological observation are still very much intact.

To dispose of *A Young World's* disappointments first, it is yet another story of young love blighted by the

movie (itself reminds us, the abortion rate in France now about equals the birth rate, making such a resolution neither unlikely nor as morally repellent as many of us like to pretend).

Appropriately, this familiar material comes wrapped up in a familiar style, which might be called neo-neo-realism. The camera swoops and sweeps incessantly and the careful transitions of conventional editing are dispensed with, the better to approximate the jerky rhythms of modern life. This made, so fresh when it was borne in by the New Wave a few years ago, is now as much a cliché as the style it replaced. Accompanied here by the inevitable cool jazz score, it is plain headachey.

Yet, for all its derivativeness, I found myself responding to *A Young World* more positively than I have so far indicated. For one thing, Christine Delacroix and Nina Castelnuovo are very attractive as the lovers, capable of conveying both the gravity and the grace of their situation. For another, De Sica is still De Sica, one of the great lonely directors. He captures the meaningless bustle of a city, the sterility of the girl's dormitory and the factory-like quality of her university with an unimpaired precision that only he can achieve to her passion and

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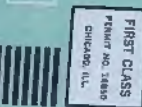


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LIFE BOOK REVIEW

Anger at a God That Failed

THE GATES OF THE FOREST
by ELIE WIESEL
(Holt, Rinehart & Winston) \$4.95

Elie Wiesel dreams fire. "I write only when the pallow burns." He drives off the nightmares with the purgative of creation—a memoir and four novels now. To read Wiesel is to burn with him. The crimes that rupture his sleep heap coals of guilt on humanity. Because he is a Jew reared in Orthodoxy and the occult practices of Hasidism, Wiesel accuses the mystic source. God is a criminal. He must be rehabilitated.

A million Jewish children perished in Nazi murder factories. Miraculously, Wiesel himself survived death education at Auschwitz, Birkenau, Buchenwald. He saw his father on his deathbed smashed in the head with a truncheon. He watched children his own age thrown alive into crematoria, and he lived with the smell of burning flesh. At Auschwitz he witnessed the slow strangulation of a tortured Dutch boy too light for the gallows. A skeleton behind Wiesel asked, "Where is God now?" To himself Elie said, "He is hanging there." It was the end of faith, but not belief.

The Gates of the Forest is a metaphor for escape from blackness and search for light. Gregor, a Hungarian Jew like Wiesel, is 17 and hiding in a Transylvanian cave when we meet him. The other Jews of his village have been transformed into clouds floating above the forest. His father has disappeared into a world "where numbers kill" and "promises enclose emptiness." God has vacated the universe.

To Gregor's cave comes a nameless, laughing Jew who calls himself "The last survivor." He may be a phantom, a devil or an angel, and Gregor names him Gavriel. He ministers to the boy with Yiddish tales, weaving them into a sacrilegious coat of mail. Articulating Gregor's unspoken accusations, Gavriel links his God to drunkenness, desolation, ashes. He claims immortality and substitutes himself for Gregor when the Hungarian military kills him close in.

Depths of suffering and loss raise *The Gates of the Forest* above logic, rationalism. Wiesel chooses to try,

and to convict, God. He needs all the coincidences, characters out of nowhere, inexplicable impulses he can manufacture. A touch of Dostoevsky's genius would help. In its absence he invents situations. Thus Gregor joins a group of Jewish Hungarian partisans and persuades them to liberate Gavriel. It is futile, and the partisan leader is killed in the attempt. God denies his people again. To widen Wiesel's study of betrayal and guilt, Gregor takes over the leader's mistress and we follow them to New York. Drained and near breakdown, Gregor tortures their lives there with cries against God's crucifixion of the Jews.

The Gates of the Forest exceeds fiction. It is the emotional playback of a "universal eclipse." Oracular kids, specters, scattered flashbacks fade into the black of Wiesel's parable. "Beyond sorrow, beyond justice," anguish splits open the novel. We see the enormity of the sin committed against a race. Total insanity smashed a people's protective myths, destroying a system of belief and hope that had sustained Jews through 5,000 years of trial.

Gregor buries God because the Talmud lied, Israel kept its name but the Jews were not delivered. The power of prophecy was not given to children: the children were given to ravenous dogs. No new Maccabees fought the enemy, they stole their brethren for rotten scraps of bread.

Ancient Jews closed their eyes and saw God. Gregor closes his and sees assassinated schoolboys. His angel Gavriel arrives for the last time in a New York synagogue, still with no divine messages, only laughter and a grim pronouncement: "I don't like victories."

Wiesel would have us believe Gregor resurrects God. "As long as there are men there will be a Messiah... he's all men." This is Faulkner's Nobel speech on man's prevailing translated into ultraformed Judaism, and Gregor supports it with grit and strange affection for a woman who imagines a corpse when she makes love to him.

I don't believe it. Hope springs eternal from such ashes is beyond Wiesel's literary capacities. His claim that Gregor has reconstructed a new God for all men goes unsupported by convincing action. The last of his terrible revelations may be inadvertent: that a just man condemned by his past to renovate a god that failed is unable to do it.

Webster Schott frequently reviews books for LIFE.

by Webster Schott

A WHALE OF A GIFT FOR DAD.



FOR ONLY A FIN.

Shope ahoy! The Paris Stretch Buckle Belt will help Dad keep a trim sail. The buckle gives him a firm grip. So he can live dangerously at the dinner table and his belt will give him a margin of safety... with inches to spare. The belt is made of one-inch leather-edge cowhide in black or brown. The handy, solid whale paperweight, a gift from Paris, will help Dad solve his other weighty problems. And the whole rig, beautifully gift-boxed, is only a fin. (\$5 to landlubbers.)

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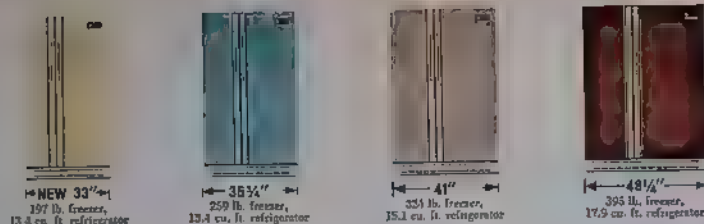
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LIFE NEWSPAPER REVIEW

The Passing of a Fine Front Page

THE NEW LONDON TIMES

For really vintage front-page stuff it has been hard for 101 years and 36,620 issues, to beat *The Times* of London. Marjorie dear, please your home or phone. I, very ill, A, our love ran a lead ten a few weeks ago. A few days later there appeared a cryptic note that read: "Nurse Henry V, a plea to the top people—especially doctors and theoloses, any suits of armour (preferably empty), old coronation robes or antique garments, please help clothe our play." Right alongside this plea ran another agonized one from Dr. Jonathan Miller the gangling man from *Beyond the Fringe*, seeking "an enormous corridor—at least 100 feet long" and "one very sunnier, cranky indoor swimming pool, very old and very peculiar."

Very peculiar indeed, you might say, for front page material for a great newspaper. But for *The Times*, that was its entire day's front page menu—sads and perous, no less, along with what has been celebrated as the "Hatch Match and Dispatch" column (of births, marriages and deaths, of course). On only a few occasions in its history has *The Times* deigned to place news on its front page of such epic events as the Battle of Trafalgar and the death of Sir Winston Churchill.

That is all past. As of May 3, the front page began to carry news like any other newspaper. Relegated to the inside pages are such delights as "12 Early Chrysanths," "25 B-week heavings," "9/6 Fragrant Village Pinks," "27 the duzen" or such come-ons as "Draw not your sword in the vagina, but a rock from a bar in of our perfect NUTS ST. GEORGE 1961." In future we in London will be faced at our early morning rise in bed with a front page shaking us out of sleep with raw announcements of crises, elections and the war in Vietnam. What a pity! How much more tasteful to open one's eyes and read,

"Anousika, this summer will be very long and lonely without me—". Of course, when the long-awaited new front page appeared on the beach story about being London as the new headquarters for N.A.T.O. the paper bustled in an editorial to assure

as that all was really well. "Change is the law of life," it sternly remarked. "If things do not evolve they die."

Unquestionably not a virtue if it becomes over-eccectivity. Then, in the journalistic understatement of the century it harnessed. Placing news on the front page of *The Times* is one more step along a road this paper has been reading for 101 years, adding: "There is no future for any newspaper as a museum piece."

Quite right, if *The Times* was in danger of becoming an old curiosity rather than a stimulating newspaper some long had to be done. If London today is the swinging city *The Times* dare not stop the pendulum. Besides, the paper promised that "There is no intention of altering the essential character."

Browsing through the 32 pages of the new *Times*, however, the rumormonger can see subtle signs that like dukes and earls opening their stately homes to the paying public, *The Times* has loved to commercialize. It hopes to boost circulation from 25,000 to 500,000 and its character is broadening. Women, who were allowed a page a week (designed by a tall brunette who snatched a no. 11 of Piccadilly House Square by running so work in a mousie, and while Courages boots. The paper may even become a little more human. Already it has begun to acknowledge that athletes have Christian names. No longer is it C. Clay, but Cass is, and racing driver J. Clark is not a coded J or

B, the changes have been grafted onto the strong main stock without altering the fine political reporting, the wide sweep of its arts page (where the music critic once wrote by far the best analysis of Beethoven ever penned by "led their submediant switches from C Major to A flat"), its traditionally superlative business coverage, or a review column in which political controversy has a most the impact of a one-up in a first class

Any criticism of *The Times* revolution could be limited to a snidely sullen sigh that our more aspect of traditional England has died. There was, of course, the lament of a hanker in the city who complained to me, "What I liked a son, *The Times* was an advert on the front page, was that on rainy mornings when the paperless threw it down on the front step, the main news pages would run a red sea-fectly dry for me to read. No more."

Mr. Green, formerly *LIFE's* bureau chief in London, was recently editor of the *Illustrated London News*.

by Timothy Green

POWERFUL NEW PITTSBURGH PAINTS

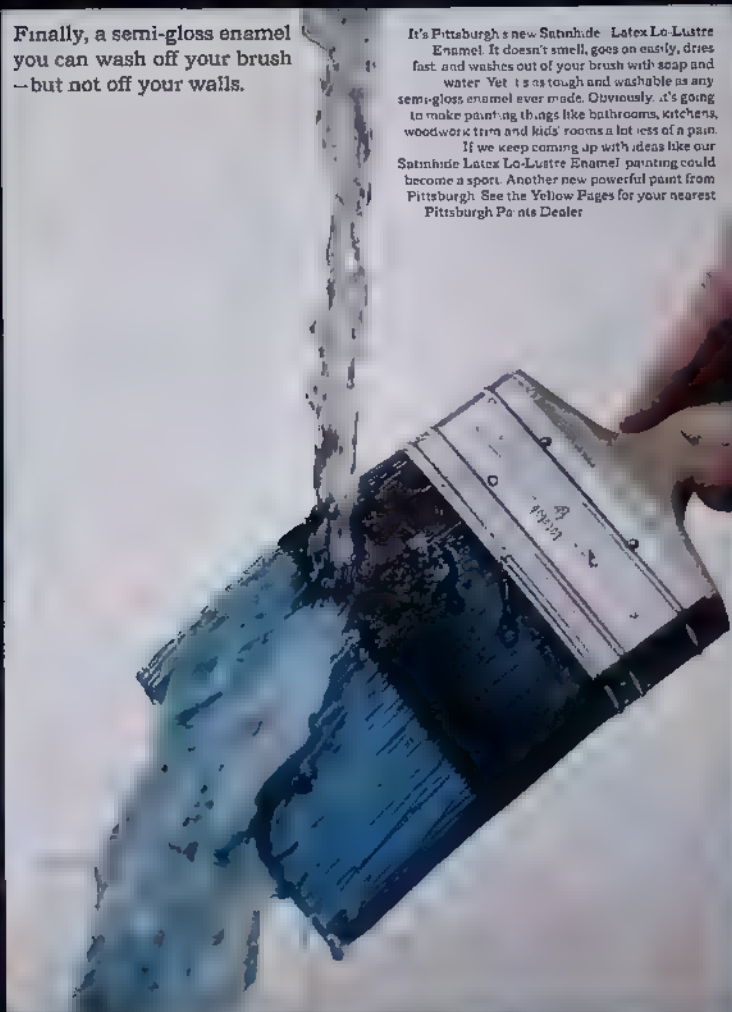
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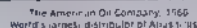


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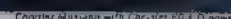
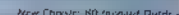
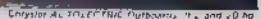
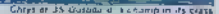
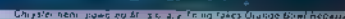
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NEOLITE by
GOODYEAR

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

U.S. BATHROOMS

Sirs:
Oh come now! I happen to like my bathroom just as it is. I don't like the idea of U.S. Bathrooms. May 20.
They aren't places to hold cocktail parties. Leave my bathroom alone.
JANOME TV BARKLEY
Arlington, Va.

Sirs:
Bathroom fixture manufacturers of America: STOP! The futuristic features are fine, except that silly, glorified "Forty Chair" only 9 inches high. This thing might be great for little kids and those designing doctors, but a great many Americans are not that athletic.
JANUARIA G. KOZAK
Minneapolis, Minn.

EDITORIAL

Sirs:
Why is it that the G.O.P. must be so singularly devoid of any peripheral membership? "Rowdies and Downies" all be Right. May 20 when the Democratic party, clinging to its ever growing and increasingly vocal members of the far left? Aren't the besotted protesters sometimes more enlightening than a few misguided little old ladies worrying about L.B.'s position on polygamy?
OAKLEY K. DAVIDSON
Clarendon Hills, Ill.

Sirs:
I don't mind your slur that Federated Republican Women are "dowdy." However, I do take offense at the accusation that we are all followers of the Phyllis Schlafly line of attack. Hundreds of us find her to be a drag and fervently pray that she will take up golf, bridge or bird-watching.
JEAN DUFFALO
Orinda, Calif.

Sirs:
If you took a serious look at our organization's principles and membership you would find us normal, patriotic, hard-working, God-fearing wives and mothers. You may disagree with us politically, but I challenge you to prove we are dowdy. I am 34-34-34 and not one bit dowdy!
MRS. L. WILLIAM McNUTTY JR.
Curtis, Texas

Sirs:
The picture on page 42 is described as a labyrinth of telephone lines converging on Las Vegas FBI headquarters.

Sirs:

Your editorial was greeted by cheers across the country nowhere louder than here. We have been appalled by the tactics of the California Young Republicans at their "Let George do it" attitude toward such problems as Watts and at instances of blatant anti-Semitism.

If the Republican party is ever to regain its image as a dedicated group of intelligent citizens, it will have to divest itself of its current crop of snobs and the greatest thing National Chairman Ray Blaes could do is spread that message loud and clear. The "gray-flunked Hell's Angels" are more dangerous to our nation in their thinking than are their counterparts on wheels.
DAVE A. EPSTEIN
Hollywood, Calif.

ELECTRONIC SNOOPING

Sirs:
Your fine article, "The Big Snop" May '80 will help people become aware of the potential danger of these bugging devices, which are being circulated to every gun artist and blackmark in the country. The next time I drink a martini, I'll bite the olive.
DENNIS MULLICK
Baltimore, Md.

Sirs:

How cowardly of Bernard Spindel to hide behind the respectability of being an instructor for a fine organization such as the 4H, whose principles are most certainly not those of the questionable Spindel ("It's not what you do, it's what you get caught doing"), while actively undermining the work of the law enforcement agencies.
LOIS SUTTON
Minneapolis, Minn.

Sirs:

Good luck to Mr. Spindel in his bugging business. Who knows, in time Americans may start to button up those great wagging tongues, and the rest of the world may reap the blessing of, at last, the Silent American.
Keep bugging away, Bernard.
DOUGLAS ADAMS
Winnipeg, Man., Can.

Sirs:

The picture on page 42 is described as a labyrinth of telephone lines converging on Las Vegas FBI headquarters.

iers. But this is an electric power plant and power lines in no way connected to any telephone equipment. If they were, the FBI would have the handset phones in the entire world and we would be minus an FBI man each time one used the phone.

E. B. HUMPHRIES
New Jersey Bell Telephone Co.
Atlantic City, N.J.

BRITISH THEATER

Sirs:
The great step forward of the English theater is to stress the worst side of humanity and call it art and creativity ("Gale of Shock Rips Across the British Stage," May 20). The fact that people will pay to look at it tells more about the current status of culture than any play written.
GENA KELLEY
Arvada, Colo.

Sirs:

I sadly suspect that the "winds of excitement blowing across the English stage" are being fanned more vigorously by hungry till-waiters aware of shock value than by concerned social critics.

ANNE BRADAWILL TAYLOR
Cresskill, N.J.

Sirs:

Your article was most provocative and informative. Not only did it give us a better understanding of current British theater but it also helped us to realize how much our American theater is lagging behind in its development.

EDMUND M. CHAVEZ
Professor of Dramatics
University of Idaho
Moscow, Idaho

SLEEP

Sirs:
We certainly do not need scientific experiments like those of Dr. William Dement to find out that a cat, if forced for months to get all his sleep perched precariously on an undrained brick in the middle of water, will become seriously disturbed ("A Good Unrestful Sleep," May 20). Pain, muscular fatigue and anguish caused by unrelieved harassment are enough to break a cat—or a man under similar circumstances.

H. MICHELSON
St. Paul, Minn.

Dr. Dement's cats get plenty of sleep each day in a comfortable recording box and are wakened only when they go into an REM phase. When not sleeping they are fed well petted and exercised. Dr. Dement says, "The personality changes that result from lack of REM sleep—for instance increased impulsiveness—are not upsetting to cats whereas they would be to humans."—ED.

YALE LAW FRATERNITY

Sirs:
If you had waited another week, you could have elected another dean in your 1940 picture of Yale Law School's Phi Delta Phi fraternity (May 20), that of Eugene Locke. The President named him May 24 as our ambassador to Pakistan.

POTTER STEWART
U.S. Supreme Court
Washington, D.C.



EUGENE LOCKE

Sirs:

You did not circle John Ecklund, top row, left, treasurer of Yale University. And Langdon Van Norden, president of the Metropolitan Opera Guild, is in the middle row, second from the left.

DANIEL V. McNAMARE JR.
Albany, N.Y.

Sirs:

I am in the third row, sixth from the right.
SENATOR MORGAN K. MCGUIRE
Connecticut State Senate
Hartford, Conn.

LIFE

An out-clubbed male
cries in protest
**LADY,
STAY OFF
MY GOLF COURSE!**

THE ROMANS PART VII
From the noble ruins of the Empire rose the new faith,
Christianity
**LEGACY OF
STONE AND SPIRIT**

Great Dinners
**AVGOLEMONO
SOUP**
A COOL GIFT
FROM THE GREEKS

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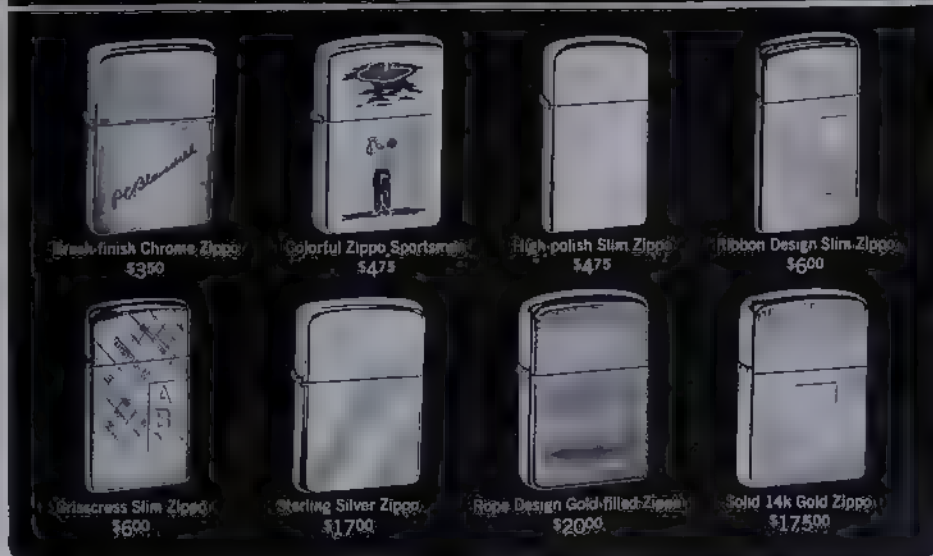
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A civics lesson on homicide

When I first slipped on the television set to watch the inquest into the shooting of Leonard Deadwyler, I knew that Los Angeles was going to be in for quite a municipal civics lesson. An actual coroner's inquest had never before been televised, and most viewers, including me, had only the sketchiest notion of how such proceedings work.

Deadwyler, a Negro, had been denying his pregnant wife to the hospital when he was shot and killed by a white police officer after a wild auto chase through the city's Negro district. It later turned out that Mrs. Deadwyler was in false labor, that Mr. Deadwyler was drunk and that the officer who shot him leaned halfway into their car to do it.

There was a great deal more to the story than that. It took eight days and 19 witnesses to get it all told—the longest, most voluminous inquest ever held in Los Angeles County, and quite possibly anywhere else.

We got the civics lesson all right. Several times a day the TV announcer explained that a coroner's inquest was not a trial, but only a fact-finding procedure to determine the cause of death, and that the verdict of the jury was not binding upon the district attorney in his decision to prosecute or not. But it certainly looked like a trial, with its jury box and witness box and bailiffs and counsel table. We were repeatedly told too that the distinguished-looking man on the bench was not a judge but a coroner without any formal legal training, and that the man asking the questions was a deputy district attorney who would ask any questions that either side wished. Still, the impression that one was watching an actual trial by jury was pervasive and seemed to grow stronger as the inquiry progressed.

Many professional attorneys were witnessed by the appearance of a trial without any of the traditional safeguards—no cross examination or the presence of a judge on the bench. As a

law professor remarked, "This isn't doing justice. This isn't even doing justice. This is just making a movie."

But the district attorney was not interested in moviemaking. Renewed violence had broken out in Watts immediately after the killing, and a rally by the hastily organized "committee to end legalized murder by cops" was followed by the beating of two white newsmen. Death threats were received by witnesses on both sides, and on the opening day of the inquest there were even threats of violence from the angry crowds thronging the county court house. In this atmosphere it was clear that not even public service but public safety was the reason the district attorney invited the TV cameras into his courtroom so that "all can see the investigation is being conducted in a fair and impartial manner."

As the marathon inquest wore on, the entire city watched, though with varying degrees of comprehension. Viewers began telephoning the TV station to demand that the announcer put certain questions to the witness on the stand. It eventually became important also to know whether a witness such as the doctor who had determined that Mrs. Deadwyler was not in active labor but was actually suffering kidney pains on the fatal night had in fact seen Mrs. Deadwyler's testimony on this same point on TV a week earlier. (He had.)

If it was a confusing civics lesson, it still made a whole of a TV show. Now that it has ended it occurs to me that we may have learned some things that nobody bargained for. The full-face camera close-ups on TV revealed tiny facial nuances—a bobbing Adam's apple, a shifty glance, a faintly tightening jaw—which could not have been noticeable in the actual courtroom, not even from the jury box. Soon the viewer began to feel like a member of the jury, surely just what the D.A. hoped would happen.

As a vicarious or proxy juror, I earned some strange things. The man who I already admitted he is lying can be the one you believe the most. You find yourself trusting some people and mistrusting others for no logical reason. You develop favorites. My own was an ambulance attendant named Walter Hoof, who wore a zippered

jacket. I have no idea why I believed him; perhaps it was the jacket. In any case, he was completely convincing about what Mrs. Deadwyler had told him en route to the hospital—that she had urged her husband not to stop when they heard the sirens because she was sure the police were escorting them, and that when her husband slipped over in her lap, she was sure he was joking until she felt the blood on her legs.

The jury took two hours and 35 minutes to reach a verdict of accidental homicide. That official verdict was the same as my private one. No other conclusion seemed possible. The district attorney congratulated the nine citizens and said that as far as his office was concerned the case was now closed. The coroner stated bleakly that death was due "to a gunshot wound of the chest, penetrating the lungs and heart with massive hemorrhaging. Other conditions: acute ethanol intoxication."

I found myself wanting to add a footnote. This death was also due to massive misunderstanding and acute mistrust on both sides. The Deadwylers came to Los Angeles from rural Georgia less than a year ago. I think they actually believed that the white handkerchief they tied to the aerial before taking off would be understood as a distress signal. "In my home we always do that for emergency," Barbara Deadwyler testified. I even think that Leonard Deadwyler may have at first misunderstood the chasing police cars as a police escort to the hospital.

The extent of police misunderstanding and mistrust was also obvious. I doubt if the same auto chase in a white neighborhood would have resulted in a police broadcast that the driver was wanted for "attack with a deadly weapon" (meaning the car), or that a half dozen police armed with revolvers and shotguns would have rushed the car if a man wanted only for traffic violations.

After the hearing the widow said she had felt that it was the Deadwylers and not the police who had been on trial. Despite the elaborate usage of "may" throughout her interrogation, I had to agree.

THE FEMININE EYE / Shana Alexander



INDY WINNER
GRAHAM HILL
USED **STP** OIL TREATMENT

to squeeze 50,000 miles of wear into 3 hours and 25 minutes!

What's more, most of the other Indianapolis drivers also used **STP** Oil Treatment. And for good reason. At Indianapolis, an engine gets as much punishment going 500 miles in less than 3½ hours as yours gets in 50,000 miles of highway driving. No wonder **STP** is used by so many race drivers, and also by millions and millions of motorists in cars like yours.

STP Oil Treatment blends with any motor oil to form a tough, protective film around every moving engine part. Cushions every piston stroke . . . reduces friction and wear . . . makes your engine run quieter, smoother and longer.

Protect your engine as the pros protect theirs. The first time you need oil, every time you change oil, add **STP** Oil Treatment. At service stations everywhere.

Used by most racing drivers, and millions and millions of motorists in cars like yours.



STP Studebaker
CORPORATION
125 DARTON, DES PLAINES, ILL.

Fred Vachelli is 46 years old and already he's borrowed \$63,000.

how come he's smiling?

Fred's pleased. Because the money he's borrowed through the years is actually part of his savings plan. A plan that really works. Here it is: save regularly at a bank and, to keep savings intact and growing, let the bank help out with money for the big, important things most families need.

Fred borrowed for:

House	\$20,000
Cars over the years . . .	12,500
Pete's college	8,000
New business	15,000
Home improvements . . .	4,500
Medical and dental bills .	3,000

How about you? Chances are you'll be borrowing for many of the same things while your family grows



up. Handle it like the Vachellis and much of what you pay back on your loans will actually be building a solid estate.

Here's how Fred did it. When he and Evelyn were first married, Fred went to the Full Service bank where he kept his checking account and opened a savings account.

Fred found he could make his savings do double duty at a Full Service bank. First, his nest egg keeps growing with guaranteed interest. Second, his savings help him borrow at lowest bank rates.

After all, most families must borrow a great deal in a lifetime for things they need. So lower loan rates can save you hundreds—even thousands—of dollars.

Take advantage of your Full Service bank—where you save, borrow and build! How do you find one? It's the place where you keep your checking account.

Where you save, borrow and build



LIFE

MOON ROCKET ROLLS OUT



It was a week of giant steps in the U.S. space program. The first was a massive step of the world's biggest rocket, Saturn V, built to carry men to the moon by 1970. And moving across Cape Kennedy to its place in the cosmic drop

off. The second was the brilliant success of Surveyor, launched with a smaller rocket, to make its soft landing on lunar ground. The third was the scheduled Gemini mission. Neither had the space program produced so many

as it, spectacular sights as the westbound voyage of Saturn V. Till now, a booster building the rocket stood adjacent to a mobile launch tower that was even taller as the rig hinged along on the world's biggest tractor

The purpose of the 3½ mile trip, which took over nine hours, was to roll out a whole new generation of space power in a following pageant. Designed specifically for flights to the moon, they dwarf all equipment now in use

ASSEMBLED IN ITS OWN SKYSCRAPER

The Saturn V is so huge and so complicated to put together that NASA had to scrap its old method of rocket construction and devise a radically new approach for the Apollo program. The new production line is housed in a hulking skyscraper (right) called the VAB (Vehicle Assembly Building) which is the largest building in the world—almost as big as Chicago's Merchandise Mart and the Pen-

tagon combined. In the 52-story plant four Saturn rockets can be assembled simultaneously and checked out stage by stage before being hoisted to the launching pad. Using the VAB keeps the pad free until the rocket is ready to fly. Under the old system the rocket and spacecraft were mated and checked out right on the pad. If anything went wrong with either of them, the pad was tied up for months.

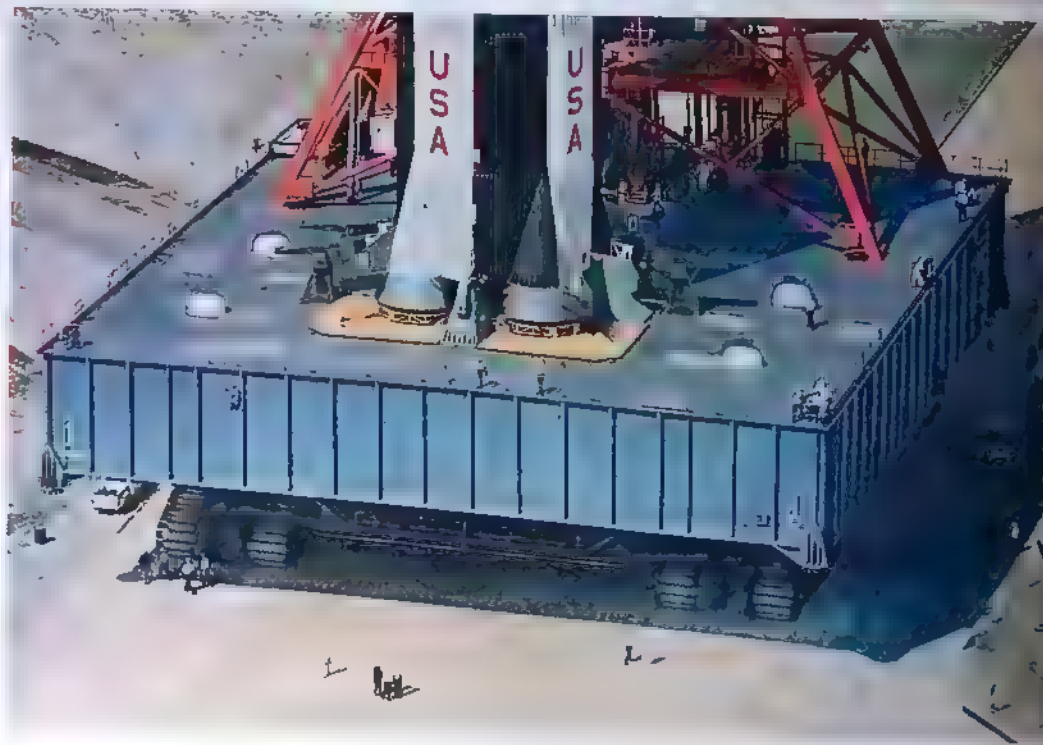
The first Saturn test model, the one shown in this story, has no engines and was never meant to fly. But it is complete in every other respect, including fuel tanks, electrical circuits and an empty Apollo spacecraft perched on top. If all the work goes according to schedule, the first flying, but unmanned, Saturn V will emerge from the VAB ready for its journey into space by the end of this year.



The Vehicle Assembly Building (above) in which Saturn V moon rockets and their Apollo spacecraft are assembled is 525 feet high and covers eight acres. Components enter building through 96-foot-high

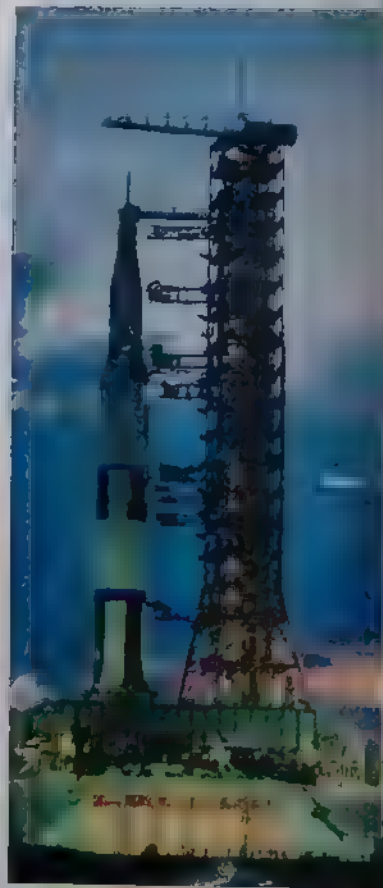
doors. Picture on opposite page, taken inside looking up, shows concentric steel work platforms on which technicians stand to assemble rocket. Completed Saturn V model emerges from building through 456-foot-high

doors (right), along with the mobile launch tower that accompanies rocket to the pad. Arms reaching out from the tower hold fuel and power connections. Mobile launch platform (below) almost hides giant treads of tractor.





MOVED TO THE PAD ON A MONSTER



The giant tractor (left) which moves the Saturn to the pad is propelled by four sets of "roads" so huge that each steel shoe weighs a ton. The driver sits inside a cab that requires a 42-inch windshield wiper. The Saturn test mode will remain on the pad (above) for several weeks while fuel and electrical connections are tested out for the flying Saturn to come.



SURVEYOR SITS SOFTLY ON THE MOON

The odds were all against it. But as gently as a parachute landing on earth, the three-legged Surveyor spacecraft—identical to the test mode shown opposite—set down on the moon's surface. On their very first try, U.S. scientists had accomplished a risky soft-landing which was textbook perfect. Almost immediately the spacecraft's cameras began transmitting pictures of the landing surface back to earth.

Surveyor's success brought closer the day when astronauts will board the Saturn rocket to attempt the first American man landing on the moon. Surveyor put down on a level, rubble-strewn section of the 1,700-mile strip which is considered feasible for manned landings. Its gentle touchdown and the photographs and other data it is radioing back have already given the scientists confidence in their design for the Lunar Excursion Module, the vehicle designed to put two men on the moon by 1970.

In landing, the 2,200-pound Surveyor had to slow its descent from 5,840 miles an hour to less than 10. Since there's no moon atmosphere to brake, it speedily used a system of retrorockets even more sophisticated than that employed by the Russian Luna 9, which soft-landed on the moon earlier this year (LIFE, Feb. 1), after at least five previous attempts had failed.

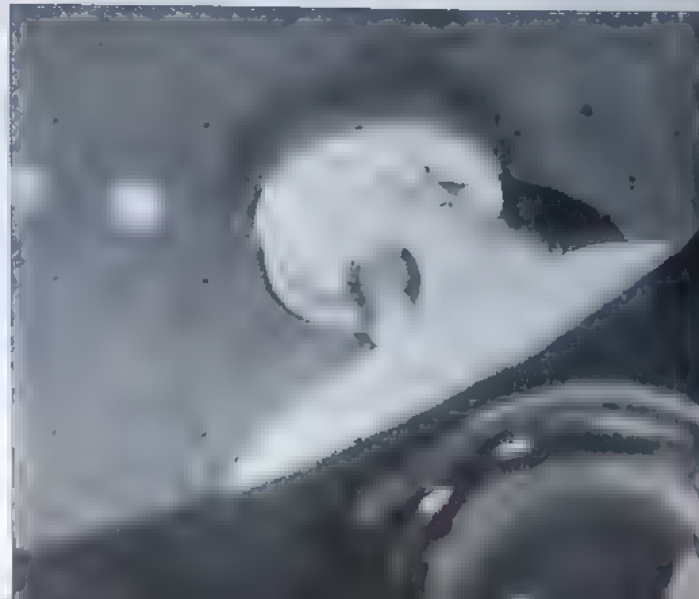
When Surveyor was approximately 50 miles from the lunar surface, radar devices fired the main retrorocket and three smaller ones. After the main retro burned out, it was jettisoned, and the three smaller retros provided thrust until the moon was only 15 feet away. Then they shut down to avoid stirring up dust which some scientists believed might blanket the moon's surface. The slight shock of landing was absorbed by the spacecraft's legs and feet. The legs contained hydraulic shock absorbers, like those in the landing gear of conventional aircraft. The feet, made of crushable aluminum pads, further cushioned the impact. The footpads made a visible but shallow dent in the lunar surface (photograph at lower right). Obviously Surveyor did not land on solid rock but on soil that was relatively firm.



Sitting on moon, Surveyor took picture (above) of a six-inch rock casing a long, sharp shadow, and a number of smaller pebbles strewn over flat terrain. Below camera peers down-

ward along one of spacecraft's legs towards its footpad, which has sunk slightly into the lunar surface. Dark circles at lower right are reflections of camera in mirror. The camera does

not move but takes pictures reflected in the mirror which views and takes in all directions. Bright circles at left in both pictures are reflections of the sun in the camera's optical system.



Mode of Surveyor identical to the one that landed on moon. It has mast with solar power panel (top) and a data relay antenna (middle). Camera and mirror are at bottom left. (Photograph at left)



**For the dead at Verdun, torches in memory
of the bloody battle that saved France**

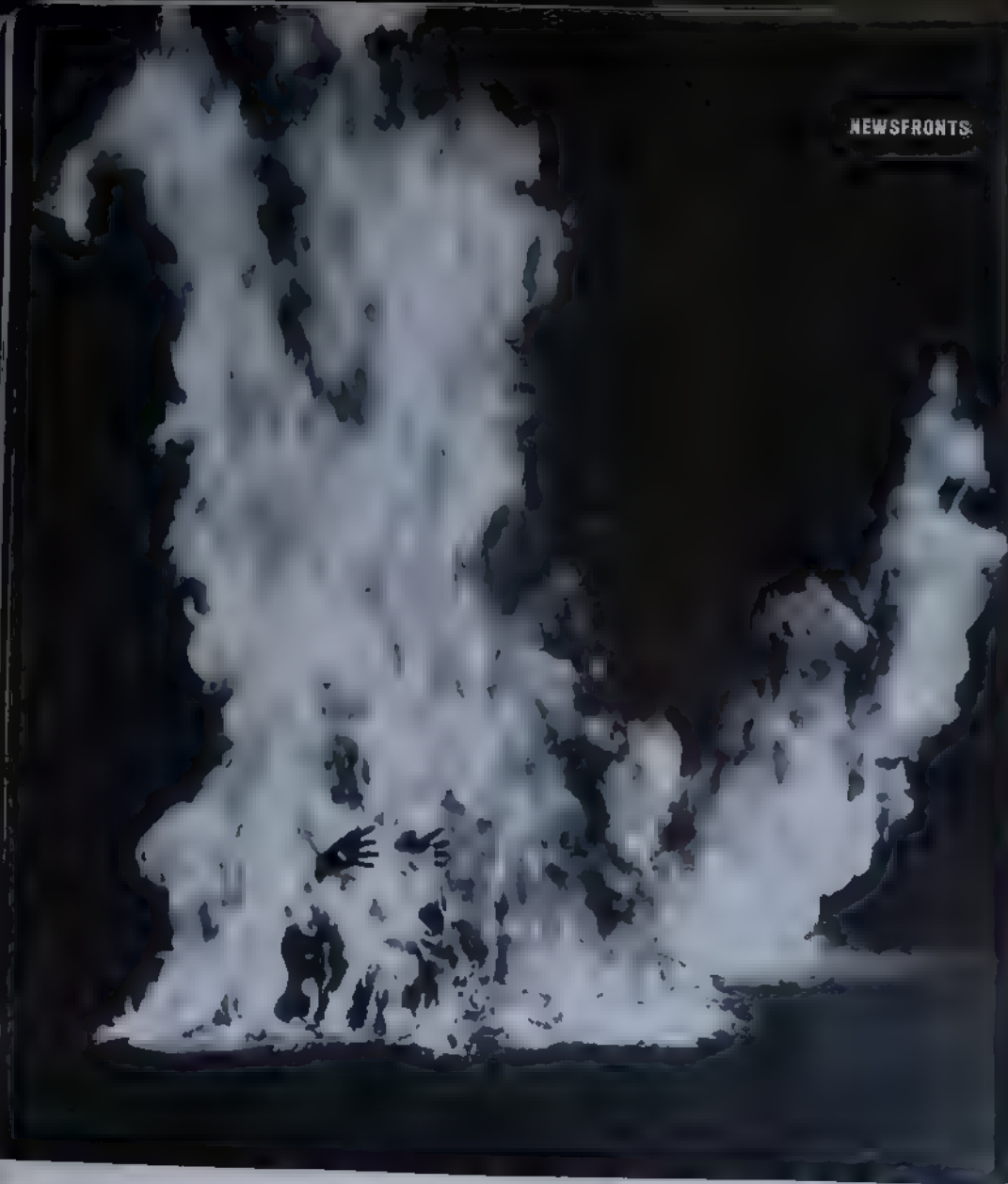
Torches flickered over graves of French soldiers and spotlighted the monument to the dead at Douaumont last week as

France observed the 50th anniversary of the battle of Verdun. The longest battle ever, Verdun lasted 10 months and surpassed in carnage and horror any other single

campaign in history. Almost a million French and German soldiers died or were wounded. When the

killing ended, the Germans had been pushed back only four miles, but their thrust toward Paris was smashed. More than 20,000 aged

veterans traveled to Verdun for the memorial ceremonies, including President De Gaulle, who had been wounded and captured there.



In Vietnam a suicide's pyre for a Buddhist nun

Her hands silhouetted against the flames that consumed her, a Buddhist nun committed suicide last week outside a pagoda in Hue. Nu

Thanh Quang, 55, was one of five religious suicides committed by Buddhists recently in an attempt to bring down Premier Ky's gov-

ernment. Buddhist leaders stated that the suicides were unauthorized. The tragedy of their deaths was further heightened when mod-

erate Buddhist officials reached a temporary political compromise with Ky after he agreed to add 10 civilians to his military directorate.

NEWSFRONTS CONTINUED ON PAGE 47

How Honeywell automation systems help Aubrey Garrett build a road without dips or bumps

(and earn twice the pay of 15 years ago)



Aubrey Garrett is 28 years old and he's been a roadbuilder ever since he was 19—like his father before him.

Two years ago he'd worked his way up to "screed" operator on a paving machine. By turning a huge pair of handwheels, he controlled the "screed" that levels the paving material.

Over the uneven ground, he had to guess at the right paving depth as the machine went along, and he'd measure the thickness of the hot asphalt every now and then by poking into it with a rod.

The result was either thin spots in the roadbed that called for costly repaving to bring the road back to the required thickness... or thick spots that were caused by the wasteful application of too much material.

"It just isn't humanly possible to see all those dips when you're eye-balling," Aubrey says.

Across the country, automation helps to double the speed

Today, Aubrey Garrett works with a highly skilled crew laying four lanes of Interstate 19—about 65 miles from Phoenix, Arizona. Now he operates the paving machine* and the levelling screed on his pav-

er is automated by a Honeywell system.

After the screed man sets the correct road slope and grade on the command panel, sensors connected to servo-motors on either side of the levelling screed take over. One to compensate for pitch and roll of the paver itself, another to respond to a staked-out string line that determines the grade or depth of the asphalt layer being applied.

The result is a controlled road surface that's accurate to a fraction of an inch. No dips or bumps. No thin spots. No waste.

Aubrey Garrett's paver now has an appetite for asphalt that keeps a fleet of feeder trucks running at top speed.

In fact, road-paving advances by equipment manufacturers, including Honeywell's control, enable many contractors to lay a roadbed at double the speed of 15 years ago.

30% more people are laying twice as much pavement

With such new equipment, new skills, new efficiencies, America's progressive road-building industry is today working on a 10-year, \$40 billion Federal Highway Program, and on state and local programs that will reach an estimated \$14.9 billion this year alone.

They are meeting this giant need with a work force 80% larger than it was in 1950—a work force now laying twice as much pavement as it did just 15 years ago.

And this increased man-hour production has helped bring the average hourly pay up to double that of 1950.

More benefits are coming

The road building industry is just one example of how automation is continuing to create better, more productive jobs.

During the past 15 years, in fact, there has been an increase of 19,000,000 new jobs in business and industry. Automation has been a major factor in creating these jobs.

How many working people do you know who aren't better off today than they were 15 years ago?

Honeywell, Minneapolis, Minn. 55408.

**Honeywell
automation systems
help make
people more productive**





Arrow Decton Perma-Iron. It doesn't need ironing. Not any. And it never heard of wrinkles. Give dad this "Sanforized Plus" Dacron® polyester and cotton shirt. And give mother a break. From \$5.00.



Arrow Decolene Perma-Iron. This one's a shirt for fast movers. It gets washed in seconds. Dries, ready to wear, in two hours flat. No ironing, of course. In stripes or solids. It'll go solid with dad. \$8.00.



Dectolene Perma-Iron Shirt Jacket. With contour tailoring. A wash and wear that dries with the least hint of wrinkles. Ddains ironing. Now, you can tell father you think he's continental. This way. \$9.00.



Arrow Decton Perma-Iron. In the ice blue shown and many other colors. It's a long-lasting Dacron® polyester and cotton "Sanforized Plus", too. Wrinkles won't like the permanent ironing. Mother will. \$5.00.

Remember Mother on Father's Day.

Give Perma-Iron by **-ARROW-**



Makes a fine second car. Or a wonderful first truck.

Does the fact that Ford pickups ride more like a car than a truck mean we've gone soft? Quite the contrary. Few years back, we had a forged I-beam axle up front. Now we have two, one for each front wheel, working independently. Shocks at one wheel don't get passed over to the other. Or to the driver. Ford also puts husky radius rods up front. That's to hold wheel alignment and stretch your rubber more miles. Even the engines have big muscle. Two husky Sixes have such punch, we had to develop a big new V-8 to keep ahead of them. So relax. Enjoy Ford's smooth ride. Just remember that deep down under all that velvet is a solid truck, with extra toughness where it counts. Very comforting.



Ford's Twin-Beam suspension uses two front axles. Each is a forged steel I-beam like the beams used in big truck axles. They make the most durable independent suspension you can find in any pickup.

YOU'RE AHEAD
IN A FORD
ALL THE WAY **FORD/66**

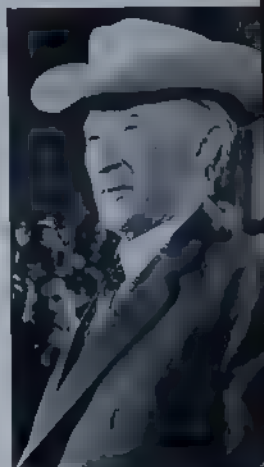
NEWSFRONTS

After Cooper, a camel for Cassius

Visiting fellow Moslems in Egypt, Muhammad Ali, alias Cassius Clay, hopped a camel (left) for a trip to the Pyramids and found the going rougher than his recent fight with Henry Cooper. He also conferred with President Nasser and told cheering crowds. "Islam gave me the strength to defeat Cooper."

A 10-gallon grin from Der Alte

At 90, Konrad Adenauer remains West Germany's young and wily elder statesman. When 150 Americans touring Europe for Mornal Re-Armament gave Der Alte a cowboy hat in Bonn, the diplomat clapped it on. Why the grin? He already had a .10-gallon, a 1961 gift from President Johnson.



At 78, Berlin gives 'Annie' a new showstopper—and is pleased with himself

The show already had everything. Ethel Merman, a pack of hit songs, a lavish new production for the revival at New York's Lincoln Center. So why did Irving Berlin want to write a new number for *Annie Get Your Gun*? How could he, at 78, improve on a 20-year-old show that was already the best he had ever written?

When the composer revealed what he was up to, a lot of theater people worried that such fussing might hurt *Annie*. I did too, especially when I heard the sticky-sounding title of the new number *An Old-Fashioned Wedding*. I sat uneasily through the show. Just after I've Got the Sun in the Morning, the hero, played by Bruce Yarnell, launched into *Wedding*. In its first few notes it sounded even worse than I had feared. "We I have an old-fashioned wedding. Blessed in the good old-fashioned way." It went on embarrassingly about orange blossoms, a little chapel. He had barely finished when Merman flashed into a frantic new melody, all in fierce opposition to what she had just heard. "I want a wedding in a big church, champagne, may and 'a ceremony by a bishop.'" Then both singers began outshouting each other, their separate melodies meshing in a musical cat-and-dog fight. At the

end, the audience began a nonstop barrage of applause which brought on three reprises. *Wedding* was the showstopper of the season, in fact I haven't seen anything like it on Broadway since *The Rain in Spain* in *My Fair Lady*.

I went to call on Berlin in his office a couple of days later. I wanted to show him pictures we had taken (right) of him and Merman on stage—she sings *Wedding* in this white dress with all her sharp-shooting medals pinned on. "I don't mind admitting," Berlin grinned, "I'm kind of pleased with myself. It's good to know you can reach up to find it and it's still there. I haven't felt such warmth and affection in an audience since *This Is the Army*."

I am an old admirer of Berlin, and he has sometimes tried out his new songs on me. I suggested presumptuously that we now might sing *Wedding* together. Berlin sang the Merman part. I croaked out the easier man's melody. After a few bars Berlin stopped abruptly and taking as firmly as I've ever heard him said, "That's no good."

I felt that Berlin was anxious to leave. Next day a friend told me why. He had hustled off to *Annie* to catch *An Old-Fashioned Wedding* and see the audience go wild again.

TOM PRIDEMAN



The bone weariness brought on by a driving boss and the 'sleep gap'

A reporter called on Lyndon B. Johnson the other day, and the talk came around to one of the current worries in Washington: the fatigue that weighs down so many high government officials.

LBJ fixed a baleful eye on the correspondent. He did not believe, he said sternly, that anyone in his Administration was any more tired than some of the editors who had been writing about it. That got somewhat off the President's chest, but hardly eased any fears or answered any questions. It did, however, illustrate a current frame of mind along the Potomac. Everybody thinks everybody else is just a little too weary to do good work. It is one of the many sharp little debates within the larger debate on American policy.

The truth is that a lot of people are very tired. Judging from the streams of pedestrians and automobiles which pour out of the federal buildings around 4 or 5 p.m., the vast bulk of bureaucracy is not depriving itself of rest and relaxation. The real strain is felt among the appointive servants at the top.

Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall, who is to be seen climbing mountains, shooting rapids or otherwise communing with official United States nature, is obviously in excellent shape. The worry centers are in the area of the White House and those involved in national security affairs. In recent weeks Secretary of Defense

Robert S. McNamara has displayed a rare waspishness toward persistent reporters and persistent questioners on congressional committees. Dean Rusk has complained of "bone weariness." Last week Under Secretary of State Thomas Mann resigned after 2½ years in the foreign service. In a speech at DePaul University in December, "I am no longer confident," he expected that any Secretary of State can personally manage our daily affairs with every country in the world." Left unsaid, but implied, was Mann's conviction that too much was also piled on the one close to Rusk. Mann is leaving because he was simply run out of gas and wants to rest. Sometime soon Under Secretary George Ball is expected to depart, followed by AID Director David Elliott, Helms and others.

Some of the trouble lies in what has become known as the "sleep gap." A few months ago Ball hurried back from Europe after a series of exhausting high-level meetings, arrived in Washington in the evening and crashed in the pool area of the Federal City Club to give a speech. "What this country needs," he told his audience, "is a good night's sleep." How prophetic he was. He had just got some taken off his shoes and was napping, repeating some sleep when he was summoned to the White House. He stayed talking with Johnson until after 3 a.m., despite the fact that he was due to testify before Congress the next morning.

When most people were recovering on the Memorial Day weekend, Dean Rusk went to Williamsburg, Va., for a speech. Flew back to Washington next day to rough out weather, was at his desk on Memorial Day morning and then reported to the White House for lunch with Johnson. Next day he left at 8 a.m. for Helsinki, Oslo, Brussels and Bonn.

Beyond this kind of physical strain is the wearying frustration of waging war. That burden is probably heaviest on the State Department, which is immersed in the almost mind-boggling politics of Asia. Kennedy O'Donnell, one of John F. Kennedy's closest aides, who has listened to the deliberations of high policy under both Kennedy and Johnson, observed that a question to the military experts—how long it would take to move a division from the United States to Vietnam—can't be answered in precise language of days and

hours. But when the President turned to Rusk and his policy men with a question—would Red China come in with force if we bombed North Vietnam—how could they give a definitive answer?

Each President sets the pace of his administration. Kennedy, the Johnson was an activist. He was a rich man who played polo and government as if it were a sport, ran full throttle until he was exhausted, then went off to his sumptuous resort homes to recuperate. When he sailed or swam, the workers on his staff and the Cabinet went back to neglected families and worried even harder balancing checkbooks, changing diapers and mowing lawns—the thousand things that men of lesser means must do in addition to their work.

Johnson, also a tridented hammer, commands most of the wearying and Kennedy had and, as a few of his men, instead of going off for games, he works more. Virtually his only activity is politics and government. Every Johnson person wants to be handled by others. So are his family affairs. He has people to walk his legs and to massage his tired muscles. His barber comes to him, and his communications and transportation are instant. Everyone in his orbit adjusts to his schedule. He has invented the "two-shift day," which has no doubt contributed to the rapid turnover in his staff. He rises early, often works from his bed and his bedroom, until late in the evening, when he goes to the Oval Office. He does not come out of it until the afternoon, naps for an hour or two and is ready at the start of the evening for almost six or seven hours more work. Weekends for Johnson are into week days, and the officials caught in his wheel must keep up.

Johnson's manner contributes to the reservation. The work might be more bearable if it were more fun, but unfortunately the face of the Great Society is not yet a happy face. Johnson's apoll is often dulled out with the spiritual hushiness of a fire-and-brimstone preacher. Last week as he sat at his Cabinet table, some talked about our blessings. The economy is good. The employment is good. The wages are good. The profits are good. The farm income is good. So, as a people we are doing well. But there couldn't have been a more unhappy-looking man than Lyndon B. Johnson.

Face of fatigue on the President, his Secretaries of State and Defense



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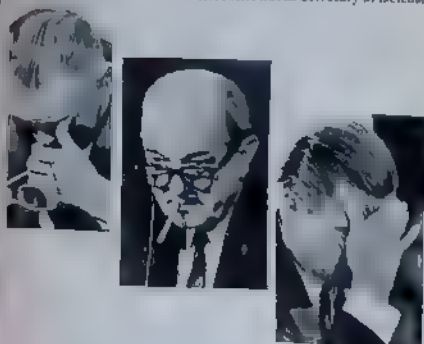
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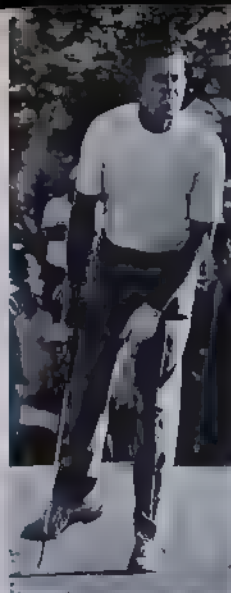
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At the Dallas Open, Sanders expresses his displeasure at a putt that failed. At right he eyes the results of a tansorial spree.

***Looking well gives you a confident, superior feeling. If you go into a business meeting, say, you don't wonder if someone will notice a spot on your tie and think, 'look at that sloppy bum.' ***

CLOSE-UP / DOUG SANDERS WINS AT GOLF, GIRLS AND LIVING

"Life is a party for me," says golfer Doug Sanders, addressing the face in his barber's mirror with professional scrutiny, "and I like to look my best for it. Besides, I play better that way." In a sport overpopulated with dead-panned young lookalikes and talkalikes, Sanders is a sartorial and conversational delight—in the *jolie de vivre* tradition of Walter Hagen and Jimmy Demaret. Twice-divorced and an avowed hedonist at 32, Sanders rollicks through the nomadic life of a big-time touring pro with all the dedicated relish of a career sailor. In each golf port the lady fans adore him, and vice versa. Men fans recognize his awkwardly choppy swing as painfully like their own. But few people can hit a golf ball farther than Sanders and none straighter—with half the 1966 tour over and the U.S. Open approaching, he was leading everybody in the country in both tournaments and money won. "I need it," he says, "I'm a bank roll destroyer."



Dandiest Swinger on the Fairway

CONTINUED

'It's a great life if you don't get old or lose your cash'



In his Dallas home, Doug plays Chinese checkers with friend Anita Bergman and his son Brad.



Sanders plays doctor with Brad, who lives with his mother and often visits his father on tour.

"Sure. I'd love to marry again and settle down. Meantime I'm having a good time looking. It's a great life if you don't weaken, grow old, or lose your cash."

"I started to realize when I was Brad's age, in Cedarstown, Ga. Often I'd drop a ball and practice. I had to hit it straight so as not to lose my boss's ball in the bushes."



Sanders tailor helps him into a 53½ English mobair suit jacket lined with silk polka dots.

"Golfers set the styles. Fans ask, 'What's Doug Sanders wearing today?' I like a simple, clean-cut look. Dainty, continental tailoring or not masculine enough."

With nonclassic form—hands too low, weight on wrong foot—Sanders tees off in Dallas Open.

"I could never swing any more fully because I have rigid back muscles. Actually my short, tight swing is ideal for weekend golfers. There's less room for mistakes."



It's enough to make a Father leave home.

When you give Dad this marvelously compact Gillette Vacation & Travel Kit.

1. Tell him it'll give him enough extra room in his suitcase to pack a pocket-size radio and a miniature chess set and a paperback novel and two more pairs of socks and three handkerchiefs and one

more change of underwear.

2. Tell him it'll supply him with enough Gillette hair cream, spray deodorant, shaving cream, blades and after shave lotion (give or take a few shaves) to fly seven times around the world by jet.

3. Tell him it'll save him all the time it

usually takes to switch his bathroom stuff from the medicine chest to the suitcase (and hunt around for missing caps from containers), so he'll probably be able to catch his plane without running for a change.

4. Tell him "Happy Father's Day."

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It's not just a pair of briefs. It's the Jockey way.



Driving to Dallas Open with son Brad and Rico Reveron, his valet-cook-chauffeur and occasional caddy, Sanders places a call on his car phone.

'I just don't like to lose at anything'

In conversations with LIFE Reporter Dan Fales, who accompanied him on part of this year's P.G.A. tour, Sanders gave his views on golf girls and his notion of a sweet life that combines the two.

► I'm a born winner. I don't like to lose at anything. Show me a real good loser and I'll show you a loser, period. Palmer would just as soon finish 10th as second. He'll gamble and so will I. Otherwise you got no belly. No guts. My favorite golf course is any one I can win on.

► I remember once when I was 14 I stood over a four-foot putt. It was for a quarter bet and I missed it. There were tears in my eyes I made up my mind that was the last shot I would ever dog.

► Golfers used to be just golfers. Now they are businessmen with real estate, insurance companies, laundries and all. We all get mentally tired—everything goes through your mind out there. But if it weren't for the human element a machine could do it. A machine would take the sport out of it—the same way that making love by osmosis would take the joy out of it.

► Divorces and two-foot putts will give anybody gray hair. Or try tackling Mr. Palmer or Mr. Nicklaus in a playoff. That will give you gray hairs, too. So you can see why I'm getting a few.

► Palmer is known for those charging finishes—the dirty rat, he's done it to me a couple of times. Nicklaus is the real long hitter. And Player is the foreigner dressed in black. Then there's me—I've got the colors and the short swing.

► I once said that I've spilled more champagne than "Champagne." Tony Lema has drunk—but in fact I gave up serious drinking last New Year's. A few drinks is not going to be my excuse for not winning.

► Give me a guy with a long, beautiful swing and I'll show you a guy I can bust. There's only a one-shot difference in most tournaments today, and my compact swing will salvage that one stroke. One stroke saved a week for a guy like me can mean \$60,000 to \$100,000 a year.

► For every bucket of practice drives, a golfer should hit two buckets of chip shots. That's where most of the money shots are. They don't ask you how you got the par four.

► I spend between \$9,000 and \$13,000 a year on phone bills alone. I'm always on the phone. Business. And some guys offered me \$1,000 for my little green book. Some nights I'll wake up remembering a phone number and I'll call it—just to see whose it is.

CONTINUED



"Try my new Pillsbury Swirls."

"The prettiest hot rolls that ever came to dinner."

"Poppin' Fresh," the Pillsbury Dough Boy has a fondness for fresh, hot, home-baked dinner rolls.

But (being notoriously softhearted) he doesn't think they should be a lot of bother for you.

That's why he's so tickled over his new Swirls.

All you do is: (1) Pop open the Poppin' Fresh Dough. (2) Bake.

You get eight light, tender, golden, flaky, perfectly lovely, swirly-peaked rolls. In minutes. Fresh and hot from the oven.

The Dough Boy isn't one for making outlandish claims. But he says new Swirls make fresh home baking prettier and easier than ever.

Being a Dough Boy, he ought to know.



Poppin' Fresh Dough. In the dairy case.

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At last! A compact, combination Tissue Dispenser and Litter Basket for your car. Handy. Convenient. Designed to hold the new smaller size Kleenex Juniors box. Dispenses these smaller, handier tissues one at a time. Another compartment holds used tissues, gum wrappers, travel debris. There's never been anything like it before.

No screws, no bolts, no installation. This combination Tissue Dispenser and Litter Basket rides the hump of your floorboard like a saddle. Its saddle base is weighted and lined with foam rubber to keep it firmly in place. Won't tip, slide, creep or rattle. Completely portable so it's easy to empty. Made of heavy molded plastic to match the interior of your car. Comes in seven automotive finishes: black, red, green, blue, gold, beige and silver. Size: 8 x 7 x 5 inches.

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SANDERS CONTINUED

'The schedule is tough— I go 80 weeks a year'

► I get letters from women saying things like "I'll be dressed in yellow. Look for me on the first tee." I nearly went crazy once—there were so many in yellow, I finally found her. Real nice!

► I wish someone would listen to my ideas on how to handle women spectators. They should put all married women on the right side, all unmarried ones on the left side and those who don't care right in the middle of the fairway. It would save lots of trouble looking at rings.

► Golf is the only sport where the spectator comes into bodily contact with the player. I like to kid with the fans, but sometimes they kid when I don't want to.

► A smile is cheap, and it will go a long way. A wink will make someone feel good and it costs me nothing. But I can't do it all the time. After I put one into the bushes and take a seven I hurt inside.

► I like to teach, but you usually spend an hour telling a student 40 ways to do something, then near the end of the hour he'll say, "Well, why didn't you say so?" Kids and women are the hardest.

► When I get nervous my blood circulation gets worse. If I crouch too long, my legs go numb. I once had to stop playing because of a heart flutter. I guess I go too strong, but what the hell, I'm about as tired now as I've ever been. But I just can't afford to miss these \$100,000 tournaments. Hell, a guy can kick the ball around the course and still make three or four thousand.

► After I go partying sometimes I have to go back on the tour for a rest. But the tournament schedule is tough. I'm going 80 weeks a year.

► Until I was disqualified at Pensacola this spring for not signing my scorecard I never dreamed it could happen. For years they have come to get the golfers if they didn't sign. I should get a testimonial from a fountain pen maker. You know—Doug Sanders hasn't missed once since he's been using our ballpoint.

Nearly pooped after a long round, Sanders waits to put on the 18th green. "Sometimes," he says, "I just want to go home and put my feet up in the bathtub."



"You wouldn't lie to me, would you?"



Nooooo. Father Heaven forbid

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And it really does hide a lot of sins. Covers up cracks and nailholes and all those things.

And it really is fade-resistant. Honest! Even in the strongest sun, the whites stay white and the blues stay blue.

And it's hard up without chipping or chalking or cracking or peeling. Not for eternity, of course. But for years and years. Long after other house paints have met their doom.

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And you don't even need a primer if your surface is in sound condition.

just one coat of Devoe will do.

And it goes on fast. And it hardly splatters.

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Washer handles 2 to 12 pound loads. Two speeds, multi-cycle, three wash temperatures and three water levels give you better results with all your laundry. Has all porcelain finish, outside and in. Model CV670.



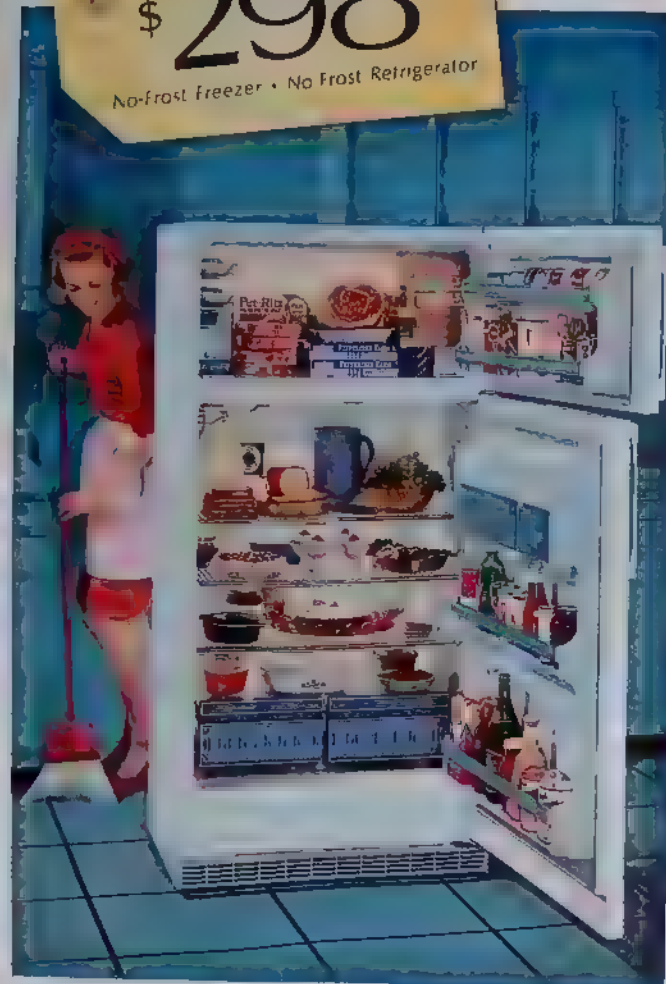
New Total-Clean range has oven walls you slide out, sponge clean **\$199***

Easy to clean above! Removable Teflon-coated oven walls, plus oven door's orange drawer and grip handle the spill off for quick cleaning. Model RB540.

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MEDICINE / A motherly California swimming teacher's 'wet' psychotherapy

Back to the Womb in a Pool

Can a person remember his or her actual life? This man, floating in the fetal position, is trying to find out. He is the client of a woman who has a motherly, 57-year-old Los Angeles swimming teacher named Lily Warner who is the self-taught practitioner of something she calls hydrotherapy. Her treatments are based on her belief that floating in warm water induces a back-to-the-womb reverie in which life's secrets may be recalled and the subconscious mind can be unlocked. She believes

that a person's movements in the water are a clue to what's bothering him. Some psychologists feel Mrs. Warner is on the right track, and a few have even referred patients to her. Others think her work is, at best, all wet. Her staunchest supporters are the 125 people she has treated, many of whom have come back again and again for memory-evoking float sessions, exercises and the chance to talk with Mrs. Warner in the pool's snail-on-water, which she calls her "wet couch."

In heated pool hydrotherapy, Lily Warner helps a 57-year-old man gain transportation in fetal position.





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smoke Raleigh
and don't save
the coupons.

They like the taste...
the real tobacco taste.



But most
Raleigh smokers
do save the
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They like the taste, too.

BACK TO WOMB CONTINUED

'The water environment

"The discovery of self is the most important thing," says Lily Wiener, who left school after the eighth grade and made her own discovery of self 10 years ago while bobbing around in her swimming pool. Having previously undergone psychiatric treatment as a result of an unhappy marriage, she sensed that she had achieved some kind of breakthrough. "I began to realize," she says, "that the water environment is basic and primitive, and that there is a direct route to the subconscious through it." She began trying to get her swimming pupils to make their own self-discoveries as a means of putting them at ease. One day a doctor friend happened by and asked what she was doing. "I'm teaching swimming," she said. He told her she was doing much more than that and urged her to jot down some of her findings. The paper she wrote was printed in a national psychiatric journal. Other articles followed and Mrs. Wiener started consulting hospitals and psychiatric clinics for guidance.

She gradually caught the eye of many prominent psychiatrists. Dr. S. R. Slavson, a pioneer in

group therapy at Brooklyn State Hospital, called her "an extraordinarily perceptive and gifted person who deserves to be at the pinnacle of the therapeutic profession." Dr. Martin Grotjahn, clinical professor of psychiatry at the University of Southern California, said she is "a pioneer who is opening doors others will certainly go through."

There is no law in California requiring a hydrotherapist to have a degree. Mrs. Wiener, who has none, takes her hour-long sessions to what she surmises to be the needs of a patient on a particular day. If he is passive, she will sit and chat and then let him float. If he is hostile, she will urge him to pound the water. If a patient is unable to float, "there's no such thing as a natural sinker"—she's sure that he'll trouble run deep.

Some psychiatrists have called Mrs. Wiener's work impressive and lacking in scientific controls. Yet one doubting psychologist was interested enough to sign up for a session just to see what went on. Mrs. Wiener had her mouth dry, best to relax him, but when he tried to float he sank like a stone.



is basic and primitive'



On her wet back, she shal-
low water at the pool's edge.
Mrs. Wiener discusses her expe-
rience with a student who is em-
bracing the face while groping for words.

Barring man already from the
water in a special exercise called
the Freedom Bell—a water
session when a person's head is
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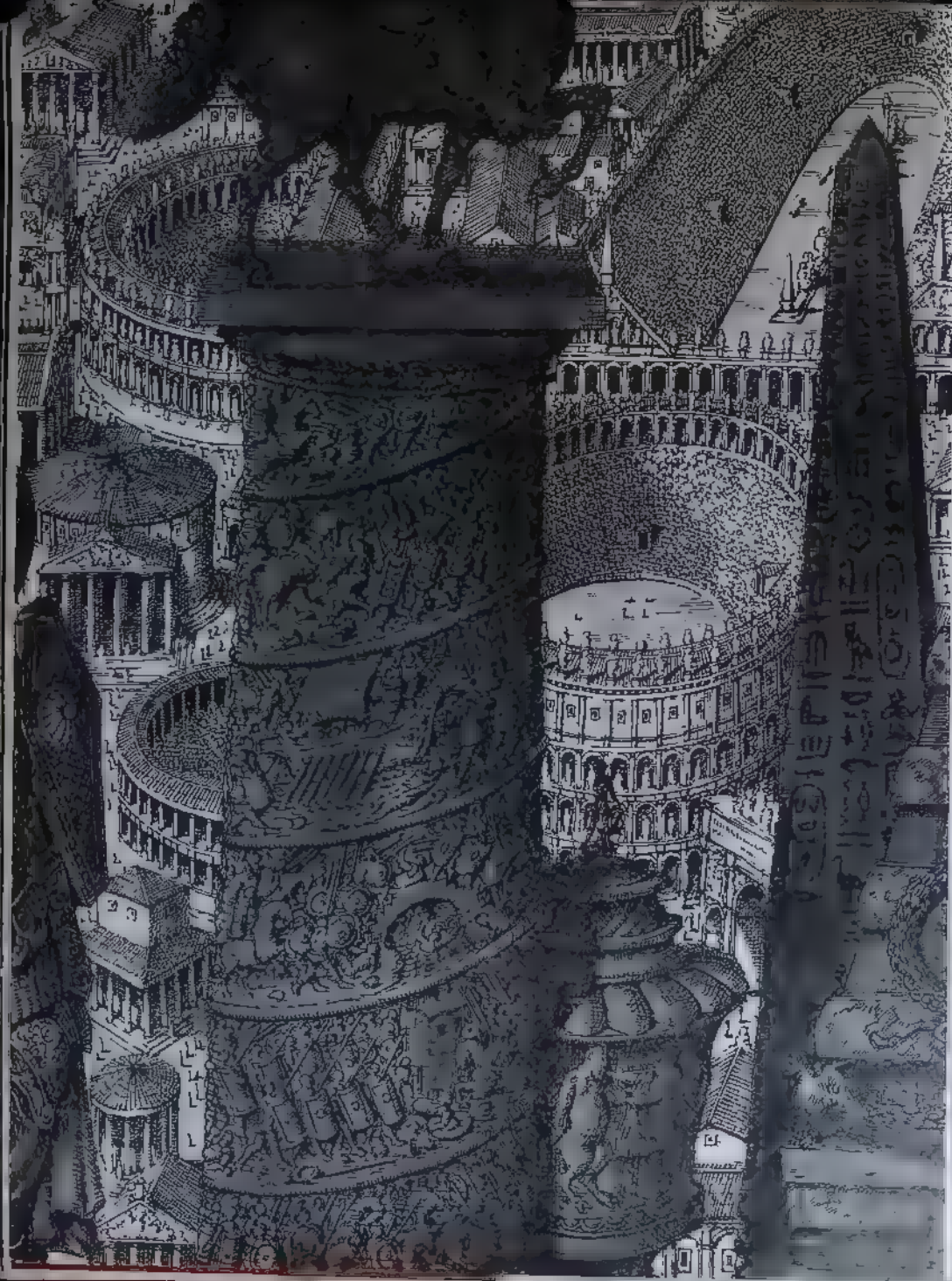


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This is the most carefully brewed beer in the world. From the first golden grain of barley to the last gentle kiss of the hops, it takes 1,174 careful steps to create the taste of Schlitz: real gusto in the great light beer.



THE ROMANS PART VI

SWINGING HUB OF THE WORLD

The picture at left is a composite of scenes that revolved around the capital. Like the other illustrations, it is fantasy. The article itself, about life in the big city, includes passages from great Roman survivors—exaggerated but full of great truth. Among the many glories of Rome, in fact, were its satirists who painted a portrait of the city they loved, with its ills diagnosed and all its pleasures plainly showing.

by EDWARD KERN

The City—the City," wrote Cicero to a friend, "sticks to that and I've at its full light! Resonance is a here, as I make up my mind early in life, I were eclipse and security." Cicero was expressing what every good Roman felt about the capital of the world.

There were several other cities—Alexandria and Antioch, for instance—almost as brilliant and splendid as the capital. But their citizens, however cultured, knew they were provincials. At the height of the Empire, Rome was the center of wealth, taste and fashion, and the only place on earth where a gentleman of an aure and style would have considered living. It was also the most spectacular tourist attraction in the ancient world. The pride of Republican statesmen and the benevolence of the emperors had filled it with noble buildings and monuments. From the Tiber to the Seven Hills, one spacious forum opened into the next, beggared by triumphal trophies and stately lawns. There were statues everywhere. A fourth-century

adventurer lists 30,000 of them—a second population in stone and bronze.

On the steep sides of the Palatine and Capitoline, an architectural phantasmagoria of terraced foretels, colonnades and peristyles climbed to the high pillared pinnacles of the Caesars and the gilded eaves of the temple of Jupiter Optimus Maximus. The slopes of the other hills were draped with anxious gardens andypress groves and crowned with the towering villas of the men.

In the northwest district the Campus Martius, once a bare marshy field for military drill, had become a sprawling complex of barracks, staid family dining centers and an impressive and forum for the Popular Assembly. All this, magnificent, linked by miles of covered, colonnaded walkways, gave ancient Rome the air of a per seant World's Fair. Among the attractions were two circuses, two amphitheatres, five lakes (for swimming, spectacle, four games or schools, 11 imperial baths for the public, 18 squares and forums, 30 parks and public gardens, 290 ware houses, 1,700 palaces, 1,000 bridges, 700 public pools and lions, 500 fountains, 36 marble arenas and 37 monumental gates enough to make any visitor—even an emperor—gasp.

CONTINUED

Drawings by
DOMENICO GNOLI

THE ROMANS

In 34 A.D. the emperor Calpurnius made his first visit to a Borne. By now the city had acquired the Empire and had been its capital an hundred to Constantinople. Wherever he looked he wrote the historian Ammianus Marcellinus "Calpurnius was awed by the variety of impressive sights. As he gazed at the sections of the city it was like watching three of the Seven Hills, whatever he caught his eye seemed larger than all the rest. He had triumphal Jupiter-baths as big as his victories, the great Laobœum rising almost beyond man's sight at the high and beautiful summit of the Parthenon. When he saw the Forum of Trajan, such a unique order the heavens' gods must have amazed and start at the gigantic complex, which simply inaccessible and still more again be misty the mortal men."

in the corner of Iraján. Unfortunately, says the emperor, Iraján was struck by a magnitude 8 earthquake that destroyed the emperor's Iraján himself, and he could not only see nothing but could not even see where he could have a statue of such royal horse back home in Constantinople. "Ah, says theophile, I have no problem in returning, getting toward the surrounding mountains, but can you provide it with such a royal stable?"

Only a step away from all these pleasures is another Rome. Behind the fine facades and noble forms stretched out after over a thousand years of torment, were Roman lives far squalid and squalid as the world had never seen nor ever would again until the 19th century.

For their splendid achievements, the copper workers have interested the masses. The first step is to open up

under bridges. Most of the rest were crunched into blocks of iron weights, 6,000 of them by the end of the summer, which were privately and privately owned, and leased to the landlords who squeezed every penny they could from the tenants. There was no mercy for tenants in arrears. They were dragged out into the street and their possessions seized by the bailiffs.

So he by side and block after block rose the arguments, their omegas apartments divided and divided less into tiny rubles, which were something as rare as windowless. And that a million were a blessing and a million were a curse and the opening had rather to be in with the other, so as to have by you and drenched by rain or drenched with cold shutters who keep out but had weather and a night.

There was plenty of running water but it is pressure from the aqueducts that supply it to the vast floor making up the most residential and expensive floor in the building it is known to the way in which apartments houses as the *gmina nobilit*. People in the upper floors had to carry water up flight after flight of steep stairs or hire professional carriers. The labor and expense did not encourage cleanliness, and flower apartments were usually foul-smelling, crawling with vermin and made with old and soot

Looking and waiting all and to be done with small charcoal braziers and fires were constantly breaking out. There were fire brigades, but never enough to cope with it. I used the clever business-man, Cassio Julius (Cassio means "algebra" - algebra used to teach us how to fire the engine). There was a lot of the burning and only he was I presume the luckiest to sell us lowering his offer as the fire raged on, the desperate were seeing his movement going in to smoke. Finally gave a three-pipe he said - no man can buy less. It so save the property. By this



four right-tail tests (pass is becoming
too big), real estate market in
Rome

Slum buildings were shoddily built of beams, bricks and clay, and the walls were full of holes for the weight pressing on them. As immigrants kept streaming in, Rome and empire were reduced to available residential space was added through successive projects, reducing special use and no place to go but up a tilted maze to their shanty buildings. Some were even built as apartment blocks.

The poet Juvenal and the Roman writer satirist, who wrote early in the second century, provided no real picture of a chicken in Roman style.

We mould a city supporter for the most part an under-prop for that - how hunched, humped up the suffering he is - pained by a gaping crack in the wall, his long minutes sleep, a race under a roof for a tumble about the ears. Smoke pours out of your fire-flower after the you know riddling of it for the alarm legs on the ground floor. The last man to turn will be the one with nothing to catch him - the man who is not for the loss, were the alarm - his lay their eggs

"Cadrus possessed a good, small sideboard with a shelf, with a small crumbing cup on a marble-stained oil cloth beneath, a tin on an old, cracked, green Greek lamp, which house wares were gnawed by vermin since four centuries ago—though it is true but he felt that nothing which was as useful and the last straw in his misery—that things are less useful and begging for a name will do him with a name as well after ten long sleepless

"If it is to be a better house, as destructive materials have not great potentialities, the judge must, then, in order to be a good one, and out of the idea of corruption, its principles are based, has even the thought of a man with a gift of the gab, but a long material, and after a long study of the subject, the state may be able to do what he has best with, and better things, and with good

and treats the separation of law and equity as the law for yourself.

[illegible][illegible]

The streets running between the plan areas were adapted to one- and two-lane arterial roads. In the arterial way along the main ring and to some extent in the inner ring, small stone and workshops were

THE ROMANS CONTINUED

often disgorged their wares clear across the path. In a R.R. line there were few streets wide enough for carts to pass abreast. Traffic jams were so ban in the Republic that one of Julius Caesar's first laws as Dictator had been to ban all vehicles from the center of the city until after dark. An exception was made for the wagons of contractors who had to be on call at all times to shore up sagging buildings.

But as we may have noted, Juvenal, we are blocked by a surging crowd in front and as a dense mass of people pressing in upon us from behind one man gets an elbow into me another a head and sedan pole one bangs a beam another a wheel on my head. My legs are plastered with a oil-scented huge feet trample on me from every side and a soldier plants his foot on my back. I feel a surge of fire for staying on a wagon and then a

second cart carrying a whole pine tree they tower threateningly aloft. For if that axle with its load of Egyptian marble breaks down and I pour an overboard mountain onto the crowd, what is left of their bones? Who can identify the bones? Who the bones? The poor man's crushed corpse wholly disappears, just like his soul.

After dark the waiting traffic rushed in and Rome turned into a night town as if the ordering wagon wheels. "Most sick people here in Rome period for want of sleep," Juvenal complained. No sooner had the last wagon cleared the streets when the city roughly awoke to the sun of day. I cannot find a place in Rome where men as poor as I can sleep or rest," wrote the poet Martial:

*At night down the schoolmasters begin
By night the pastry-cooks no
respite give
Smiths make the dustlight bed-
rooms with their din*

*Of clanking hammers. What
a life to live!*

*Here is a money-changer,
ringing coins
Upon his dirty counter—lozy
cheer—*

*Next door the Spanish gold-
smith's shop adjoins.*

*All day the glittering metal
thump and beat . . .*

*A bandaged sailor begs.
Blear-eyed watch-peddler
shout and drive me wild.*

Picking the way through the huddled were crowds of schoolchildren on their way to class. The military schools, until fairly late in the Empire, were strictly free lance operations. A teacher would appropriate some handy block—so empty above in a public building for instance—string blankets between the pillars for privacy, hang out a sign and wait for customers.

Classes began at dawn or even before—to the annoyance of late sleepers like Martial who complained about the "savage how-

and blows, resounding like the drums, and offers to pay the teachers as much for silence as they got for hawking.

There was another crowd bound on a different errand through the dawn haze. These were "clients," who at the early hour were on their way to the houses of their "patrons" to pay their respects and to pick up handouts of food or money. Almost every man owed homage to some patron and men of standing all had armies of clients.

The system had its art in the early Republic when man granted to the city found themselves without legal rights and turned to any available patrician for protection. An aristocratic patron usually gave each of his clients a patch of land or a house on guard from robbers, helped him raise money for money, represented him in court and gave him a decent burial when he died. In return, the client gave his patron political support and bound himself and his family to his master

with something resembling medieval fealty. The relationship then was something almost sacred and more binding, at least for clients, than family ties. In the Aeneid, Virgil, himself a client of the rich Maecenas, condemned any patron who defrauded a client to special punishment in Hades.

Under the emperors, the patron-client system became more than a social ritual, often a status symbol for rich parvenus who loved to be seen surrounded by hordes of obsequious Roman citizens. It was a galling experience for a patrician and a penniless client like Juvenal to have to come crawling in an unwelcome patron and hope for a small gift, or an invitation to his wife's dinner where he would sit well below the salt, rub elbows with the rich and be obliged to express loud gratitude for his few scraps from the feast.

The daily ritual of morning attendance was the most galling of all. "Look now," says Juvenal,

"at the meager dole set down upon the threshold for the tattered mob to scramble for! Yet the patron first peers into your face, fearing that you may be claiming it under someone else's name. But what shall we dependents do who out of the self-same dole have to keep ourselves afloat and shoes, in bread and smoke at home?"

The imperial forums here were the besides the famous one at the foot of the Palatine—were favorite gathering places, crowded during peak hours by a crowd of many of them equipped with the luxury of glass window panes. A number of the visitors were rich women, come either to tend to business matters—there were women who were as active in business as men—or simply to see and be seen.

They got plenty of attention from the young fops with oily hair, from the young fops with oily hair, from the young fops with oily hair, from the young fops with oily hair.

would win them a mistress and no easy fortune. Martial aimed one of his deadly passages at this breed

*Just watch the fellow yonder
stroll along!*

*The costliest of clothes he loves
to wear.*

*And after him there comes a
wilder throng*

*Of clients spruce and slaves
with curly hair.*

*His choir is gay and decked
with curtains fur.*

*Saw you the smartest dandy
in the town?*

*Just note, to buy a meal of
plumpest fare,*

*He pawed his only ring for
half-a-crown.*

At any moment a star at the end of the forum might announce the arrival of some important attorney on his way to court—surrounded by an army of slaves, clerks and clattering clocks. At every step somebody would have to be greeted by name—a spe-

cial save prompt him at every newcomer's approach.

The law courts were a thing, one-room buildings with many law clerks, separated by rows of columns like a church and usually open in the day for the public. Most law cases were big enough to try several cases at once, all night without dividing walls. A jury often had to turn out following matches. Yet that Roman lawyer needed any encouragement. Most of them were happy for the chance to build up reputations as orators and to be called on even to mediate a dispute at presiding in a case. A nice water dripped away slowly in the water clocks which timed their speeches to two hours. Most Romans loved to listen to speeches. But to repeat out loud the long words in speech making was sometimes hard. See next article as it is in Martial.

'Tis not a pulsing case discuss

Our murder, our assault.

Three points are stolen, and I'm sure

My neighbor is at fault.

The judge has asked for evidence.

'Tis all we're waiting for.

But counsel points with eloquence

The Mithraic law.

He fears of Carthage—prepared

And

And Cato doth discuss

And then applauds with voice and hand

The deeds of Marcus

With Sully's acts he makes no

quote,

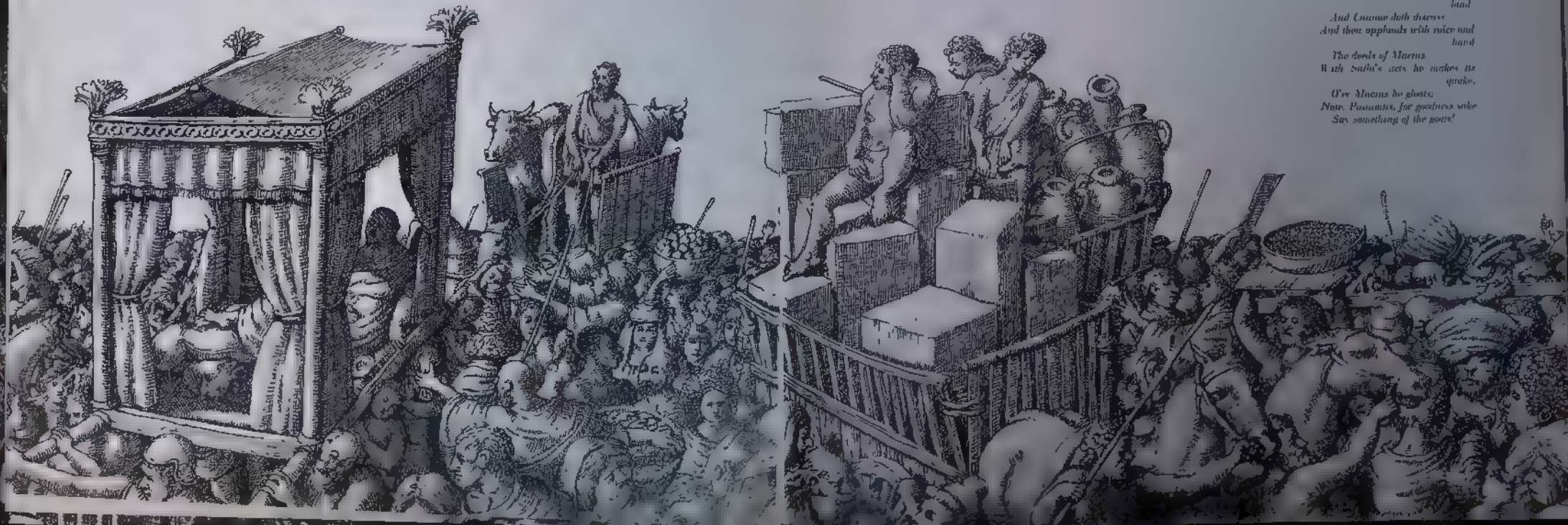
Or Marcus he quotes

Now, Postumus, for goodness sake

Say something of the poet!

Traffic jammed, crowds shoved and the streets

rang with a boisterous uproar



THE ROMANS CONTINUED

ing by with lined twigs, and before long they had snared all the birds.

"We were unaware that we had straggled only halfway through this forest of refinements," as the poet put it, but when the table had been wiped, to the next table in so. Three legs were left, ragged out with muzzles and bells. Trimalchio asked: "When one would you like to cook for your dinner?" And without waiting for us to choose, ordered the oldest slaughtered. The servants came back with an immense hog on a tray almost the size of the table. We were of course astonished at the chef's speed. But Trimalchio suddenly roared: "What! What's this? By God, this hog has been gutted!" And that cook in here—fast!"

"Looking very miserable, the poor cook came shuffling up to the table and admitted that he'd forgotten to gut the pig. 'You FORGOT? bedowed Trimalchio. 'You FORGOT TO GET A PIG? Strip that man!' The cook stood there naked and forlorn between two bodyguards. The guests interceded for him. But Trimalchio sat there with a great grin widening across his face and said: 'Well, since your memory is so bad, you can gut the pig right here in front of us all.'

"The cook was handed back his clothes, drew out his knife with a shaking hand, and slashed at the pig's belly. Suddenly, out poured—not the pig's guts—but lukewarm soup of roasting sausages and blood puddings!"

"All at once the cuffled ceiling began to rumble and the whole room started to shake. I jumped up in terror. Suddenly the paneling slid apart and down through the crack an immense net or hoop began slowly to descend. Dangling from the hoop were chaplets of gold and little jars of perfume—all, we were told, presents for us to take home."

"Hours later, the feast winds up, afloat, in Trimalchio's private bath establishment, over a nightcap of heavy wine.



After the banquet was over—it might go on until late at night—a Roman still had to grope his way home through steep and noisy alleys of the city. To any citizen, even when sober, Rome after dark was a dangerous place. There was no street light, and there were not enough night watchmen. The moment the sun set, lantern-bearers, leaving the black maze of streets outside to rumbling traffic, a million screaming cats, to murderers and thieves. Rich men had torch-bearing bodyguards to light their way and watch outside villa gates while they dined. But the poor Roman picked his way home warily and alone as best he could.

"And now consider the many perils of the night," wrote Juvenal. "See how high it is to that towering roof from which a pot comes crack upon my head every time some broken or leaky vessel is pitched out of the window! See with what a smash it lands and goes for pavement! There's death in every open window as you pass along at night; you may well be deemed a fool, imprudent of sudden accident, if you go out to dinner without having made your will. You can only hope and raise a pious prayer in your heart that they will be content to pour down on you—the contents of their slop basins!"

"And now along comes your drunken bully who has by chance not slain his man and passes a night of torture—since some men are deep only after a brawl! Yet however reckless the fellow may be, however hot with wine and young blood, he gives a wide berth to anyone whose scariest cry is a long retort of attention with torches and brass lamps in their hands but him keep his distance. But to me who am usually escorted more by the moon or the scant light of a candle (whose wick I husband with due care), he pays no respect."

"Here how the wretched fray begins—if you can call it a fray when he does all the thrashing and I get all the blows! The fellow plants himself in front of me and how the hair-raising I must

What else can you do when you are attacked by a Roman stronger than yourself? 'Where are you from?' he shouts, 'whose vinegar and beans have blown you out? What! No answer? Speak up or take that on your shins!'

"Whether you venture to say anything or try to get away silently, it's all one; he will thrash you just the same. Such is the liberty of a poor man after being pounded and cuffed into a jelly, he begs and prays to be allowed to go home with a few teeth left in his head."

The Romans loved holidays and celebrated them by staging the most elaborate and spectacular the world has ever seen: triumphs, imperial birthdays, feast days, dedications—any excuse would do. Little by little, reign after reign, they grew until there were over a hundred public festivals. On top of these were special holidays like Trajan's 123-day celebration when he beat the Dacians. One can only imagine how groggy the capital must have been after a four-month government-banked binge.

Ancient traditional festivals like the Lupercalia in February, were still scrupulously observed with decorous games and ceremonial games. But that was feeble fare for an audience accustomed to the sight of conquered king and treasures being paraded down the Sacred Way. Such a sight far overpowered the legitimate theater, and Roman drama after Plautus and Terence, petered out into glib shows, pantomimes and dazzling circus acts.

"The people," complained Horace, "even when the actors are speaking the verses, call for a bear show or a wrestling match. Pleasure has moved away from the ear to the restless eye and in entertainment art with no meaning. For four hours or more the curtain is up, while troops of horsemen fly past, Kings of fallen fortune are dragged up with hemlocks tied behind their backs. War choruses hurry by, carts, carriages, chariots, ivory is borne along and all the spoils of Carthage. A giraffe next catches the crowd's attention, or

perhaps a white elephant. What actor's voice can rise above that din?"

After a while, even the pagantry began to be more the people wanted: action—violent bloody action. Natives of the most distant territories were dragged to Rome to fight and die in the arena: painted savages from Britain, blond Germans from the Rhine, Moors from the Atlas mountains, Parthians and Arabs, Goths, Vandals, Franks and Saxons. All of them brought their own weapons and style of fighting.

In 80 A.D. Rome got a setting worthy of its spectacles when in a single day of riotous celebration, Emperor Titus dedicated the Colosseum. From 80 ponderous arches the amphitheater rose four stories to a height of 150 feet. Vast multiple passageways funneled crowds of 50,000 with efficient speed to their proper seats—the Senators, Vestal Virgins, top civil servants and other notables to the front rows, the emperor and his retinue to his box, the lower classes to the higher tiers, and the ragged proletariat to the top. High above, a web of cables stretched across the interior. On them, a company of sailors spread enormous colored awnings to protect the crowd from sun and rain.

Sunlight streaming through the canvas must have turned the immense bowl into a grotesque fairyland splashed with color. Here and there fragrant fountains tossed their jets high over the sand-strewn wooden floor. The murmur of horns and trumpets mingled with the screams of the wounded and dying.

There was elaborate stage machinery. Whole sections of the floor could be lowered to permit change of scenery. Ramps and elevators brought wild beasts up from subterranean cages. By ingenious contrivances the whole floor could be flooded in a jiffy for the re-enactment of historic naval battles. Before a hundred thousand fascinated eyes war galleys maneuvered in the narrow space or rammed each other. Companies of gladiators in canine costumes fought savagely on the heaving decks; the water, lashed to foam, turned red and fouled the flagging oars with bobbing corpses.

For a change of pace there were the animal shows when beasts were sometimes pitted against each other in bizarre combats: lions, like a rhinoceros against wild bulls. The scale of the carnage could be appalling. Once, in Pompey's day, 17 elephants, 500 lions and 1,000 other African animals were slaughtered. In 248 A.D. at the celebration of the thousandth anniversary of Rome's legendary founding, the score was 32 elephants, 10 tigers, 60 lions, 30 leopards, 10 hyenas, 10 giraffes, 20 wild asses, 10 wild horses, 10 zebras and six hippos. At Trajan's triumph 11,000 animals were butchered in the arena. In the Third Century the Emperor Phocas, after defeating the Germans, transformed the Circus Maximus into a forest filled with game: 1,000 ostriches, 1,000 wild boars, 1,000 stags and 1,000 sheep—then let the people rush in to capture or kill whatever they could lay hands on.

Keeping the arenas of the empire adequately stocked was a full-time occupation for an army of game hunters. They operated with an efficiency that in time whole populations were exterminated, elephants vanishing from Libya, lions from Thessaly, and hippos from the lower Nile.

A male were executioners as often as victims. Humans were tied to stakes or bound to carts and wheeled into the path of onrushing animals. Sometimes they were turned loose to seek protection where they could. On such occasions the arena was transformed into a charming landscape of babbling brooks, miniature groves and rocky ravines. Here the victims tried to hide, while hungry lions stalked them and the fascinated onlookers made bets on which would survive the longest.

During the day-long spectacles there was usually a pause at noon during which spectators either scattered for lunch or were served by slaves staggering under baskets of food. At Emperor Domitian's festival in 88 A.D. a host of servants from the imperial household waited on the people with easily digested and fine old wines. At one point during the morning, figs, plums, cherries and pastry rained down upon the spec-

CONTINUED

By night there was peril,
by day wild extravaganzas

The games stirred vast crowds to cheer speed, blood and death

THE ROMANS CONTINUED

tations from nets strung overhead.

Free tokens for door prizes were regularly scattered among the crowd. They might include furniture, food, clothing, jewelry, paintings, animals and even ships and country villas.

Rival to the Colosseum was the Circus Maximus where your rotund chariot races were followed with passionate interest by every Roman, from the emperor on down. "There sits the Praetor in his triumphant state, the prey of horseflesh," wrote Juvenal, and all Rome today is in the circus.

There lies the Circus Maximus, stretching nearly half a mile along the foot of the Palatine beneath the gorgon's palaces of the Caesars. Around the track in ring tiers sit the holiday crowd, 200,000 strong, in togas and paraded hats against the glare, all swaying and shouting. Through the clucking dust the figures of the four charioteers can be made out erect and masterful, belated and short tunics marked with the color of the teams—White, Red, Blue

and Green—reins tied to their waists urging their foaming teams at mind-boggling speed for the standard seven-lap, five-mile race.

Here comes the turning post, the danger spot for pile-ups and collisions. A crash—the sound of shattering wood and squealing horses as two teams tangle. Before he can whip out his knife and slash the reins, one charioteer is thrown out of his seat and dragged along the sand like a helpless dummy, to be ridden down a second later by his rivals. The mangled body is carried off to the surgeon's table. Perhaps he boars a dung which he rubbed into his skin before the race will stay off more or infection and save his life.

The Roman mob hardly cared if a fallen charioteer ailed or died. But if they had bet on his color, they were in despair. The Emperor Caligula had circus fever as badly as the rest. An all-out fan of the Greens, he once had the horses and charioteers of the Blues poisoned. Nero wore green to the circus and once had the entire floor strewn with green copper oxide dust.

The scuffling young charioteers were idols of the mob. Their arrogance was notorious—they could sometimes get away with assault and robbery in broad daylight. Monuments were raised to them everywhere. They had their pick of Rome's women; they

earned fortunes in fees and gifts, and were sometimes raised by imperial favor to high posts in the government.

They were the elite of the athletic world, but the men who fascinated the people even more were the gladiators, who provided the hard core of the entertainment in the arenas. They were a desperate and dangerous breed. Most of them were prisoners of war, condemned criminals and slaves, but even free men sometimes joined the profession out of sheer love of danger and combat. In the big imperial gladiator schools they lived under the hardest disciplinary rules, and always under close military guard.

The Roman physician Galen has described them as massive and overfed, their battered bodies covered with frightful wounds. They lived under constant nervous strain and, according to ancient accounts, many reacted either with suicidal despair or hysterical tantrums. On the eve of every spectacle they were given a luxurious banquet while the public was invited to watch. Professional gladiators proudly honored their frightful oath "to suffer themselves to be whipped with rods, burned with fire and killed without flinch" and on the appointed hour marched to their death with fatalistic courage.

In one common kind of gladiator

for his one fighter was armed with a shield and a short sword, and protected by an elaborate cuirass and a huge, embossed helmet, the other was naked and unarmed save for a trident like the sea-god Neptune's and a large net which he tried to fling over his opponent to ensnare him. The odds were about even.

Whenever a duelist was struck down, the excited cry "Habe!"—"He has!"—swept the Colosseum. The fallen gladiator raised his left hand in a plea for mercy. If he had fought bravely, the spectators might wave their handkerchiefs or raise their thumbs and spare him. Thumbs down meant death.

In the intervals between bouts the blood-drenched sand was shoveled up and fresh sand sprinkled on the floor. Attendants carefully costumed as Charon, the mythical ferryman of the River Styx, swarmed around the corpses prodding with hot irons and knocking the skulls of any that showed signs of life.

If a gladiator survived three years, he earned a wooden sword—the symbol of honorable discharge. Some found the life too brutal to bear that long. One, while being carted into the arena stuck his head between the spokes of a wheel, which broke his neck. In the Fourth Century, a group

of captive Saxons strangled each other with their bare hands in the gladiators' quarters. "Evidently on guard, however efficient, can restrain this desperate race," wrote Symmachus, the nobleman who owned them.

Symmachus' attitude was typical. The sight of suffering drew little sympathy. Pliny the Younger found the gladiator fights "an enervating and depraving sight" but one that inspired diadems of death and love of honorable wounds, and aroused ambition even in slaves and culprits.

In all the writing of pagan Rome the only voice raised in protest is Seneca's. "I happened to drop in upon the noon show in the arena in hopes of some milder diversion—a spice of comedy, a touch of relief to rest man's eyes after a glut of blood. Far from it. All the previous fighting had been softheartedness. Away with such bagatelles! Now for butchers' pure and simple! The fighters have nothing to protect them, their bodies are utterly open to every blow; every thrust finds its mark.

Death is the fighter's only exit. 'Kill! Flog! Burn! Why dabble at killing? Why so squeamish about dying?' The lash forces them on the sword. Let them go at each other naked! Get in at the bare chest! There's a pause in the display. . . . Meanwhile, to keep things going, cut a few throats!"



NEXT WEEK PART VII: THE ENDURING

GLORIES

SPECIAL REPORT / Malibu

Is J.J. Really King of the Surf?

by JORDAN BONFANTI

In southern California the surfers say this man can hot-dog in the treacherous wake of a river paddle boat, that he can nose-ride that board without peeling under the wave for two full minutes, that he can make 25 go-bob-nods on a single run.

The name is J.J. Moon, and it is famous on every beach on the West Coast, and in every surfing magazine. He holds more titles than there are championships. At competitions, surfers search among the contestants before they paddle out to the waves, just to see if J.J. might be here for this one. Saloons and surfing hangouts are filled to all hours with stories and arguments about his prowess. There are J.J. Moon fan clubs and J.J. Moon T-shirts and, naturally, J.J. Moon surfboards.

J.J. Moon himself is not hampered by any desire for obscurity. He is always on the move. He'll be at Malibu one day, out at Makaha in Hawaii the next, then suddenly he will pop up at Newport Beach. He is completely a product of his place and time when surfing, once an exotic sport practiced only by a handful of daredevils in Hawaii, has become an obsessive national pastime. In California alone half a million people have taken it up. And because of the thrill and the risk and the speed, between blazing sun and the mysterious natural

force of the waves, all surfers are, in one way or another, romantics. What they lacked until recently was a true folk hero. Then along came J.J. Moon. He's only draw back is that good a surfer

"So one day," says Eckert, "we were sitting around this bar, and for the fun of it I thought up a name for myself. Thus, Ned Eckert became J.J. Moon."

Meanwhile, at local beaches like Malibu and during trips to Hawaii and Australia, Eckert had also become an avid hobby surfer, competent but hardly outstanding. At the beaches and in the bars, he numbered many top surfers as friends. And here the fun began.

In the winter of 1964 Eckert was planning to spend a vacation in Honolulu, which happened to coincide with the Makaha world surfing championships, one of the toughest competitions of all. Unknown to Eckert, who hadn't yet left California, a well-known surfer named Rick Steer decided to have some fun. He entered his

The man who holds more surfing titles than there are surfing competitions has his surfboard J.J. Moon board and heads for the combers.

friend "J.J. Moon" in the Makaha event. On the entry form he gave Moon's affiliation as the Cafe Swiss Surf Club of California, and to get him into a preferential heat for the chokers, he billed him as the Lake Michigan wake-surfing champion. When Eckert arrived in Honolulu, he—or J.J.—was a ready in the papers. "I think that's pretty funny all right," he sported. "Those waves get to 20 feet high." Nevertheless he told Steer, "It's beautiful, baby!" and decided to brazen it out. Other bona fide surfers from California gleefully helped wherever they could.

It rained in Honolulu for the

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SURFER CONTINUED

next five days, and the contest was postponed each day, waiting for clear weather and good surf. During the lull a top competition surfer named Mickey Munoz, an old friend from Malibu, was being interviewed on the air.

"... And tell us, Mickey, who do you think we'll give you the most trouble in your heat? Who's the man to beat?" asked the announcer, as Moon and the other Californians crowded around the radio in a nearby bar.

"Well, I don't know, there are a lot of tough guys," said Mickey. "But the guy I really fear the most is the fabulous J.J. Moon."

"Who?" asked the announcer. "J.J. Moon," said Mickey Munoz, with a who-else nonchalance. "Oh... oh, yes... he's from where, Mickey?" asked the announcer.

"He's from Malibu."

"Oh, yes... we remember him."

"Sure, I'm sure you do." Moon and his bar companions erupted in unrestrained hilarity, broken by just one faint misgiving. "God," mused J.J., "I sure hope they won't be watching."

The rains passed, the surf came up big—back-breakers nearly 20 feet high. And at the appointed hour, before the eyes of thousands, there was J.J. Moon, a squat 175 pounds, waddling out on the beach with a contestant's jersey over his beer paunch and lugging a borrowed surfboard. As an established preface favorite he had been passed directly to the semifinals.

"There I was, wondering what I was doing there. It was insane," Moon recalled later. "What I did was, I paddled out more than half a mile to where people lost sight of me behind the close-in swells. I wouldn't go near those 20-footers farther out. Then I turned around and glided into shore on an easy swell. The people saw me come ashore at the water line with a world of style and stance—but they didn't see where I had come from."

Moon won no points, but his new identity was firmly established among his friends. He now was J.J. Moon. One friend, Mickey Dora, a legitimate champion in his own right, wrote a straightforward surfing magazine article in which he rated the world's best surfers. Dora rated himself an unblushing Number One. Number Two, he said, had to be J.J. Moon.

By now, what had started as an improvised underground joke had mushroomed into a hoax. On beaches, at surfing shops, in the après-surf hangouts, the same experienced question echoed again

and again: "Who is this J.J. Moon?" And the insiders kept straight faces as they answered, "The greatest, that's who."

The legend burgeoned. Moon's singular, mythical accomplishments were countless:

► "J.J. Moon, who surfs all over the world, and for whom no conditions are too difficult, was the winner of the Mekong Delta Monsoon Championship, a grueling contest held in pouring rain and quagmire."

► "J.J. Moon holds the world nose-riding record with an elapsed time of five minutes on a single wave." (This was only two minutes in some versions, but in any case it ignored the fact that no wave has been known to last longer than 30 or 40 seconds.)

► "J.J. Moon is the only man in the world to shoot the Malibu pier." (This feat would have involved riding a low-tide, 10-foot wave at 35 mph, then passing through a maze of angled double pilings which are geometrically impassable. One man had, in fact, attempted this stunt some years ago and killed himself.)

To avoid surfers, one of the most awesome challenges has always been the so-called "Banzer Pipeline" in Hawaii, where the conical shape of the breakers actually does allow a reckless few to "shoot the tube," that is, to surf "inside" a wave's concavity for an instant or two. J.J. Moon was said not only to have shot the tube at the Banzer Pipeline but to have emerged from it completely dry, with his hair neatly combed.

Moon's peak "achievement," however, is probably his feat of hanging eleven. Merely to hang five—that is, extend five toes over the nose of the board—is a difficult enough maneuver on any fast wave. To hang ten, i.e., with both feet, is the *ne plus ultra* of sophisticated surfing technique. Leave it to J.J. Moon to have six toes on his right foot.

"Can you really hang eleven, J.J.?" the youngsters would run up and ask J.J. Moon.

"Sure, hell yes, I can!" Moon would assure them, scrupulously keeping his sneakers on.

Fan clubs honoring J.J. Moon sprang up at colleges in Oregon, Idaho and Michigan. Newport Beach started serving up foul-tasting "J.J. Moonshot" cocktails.

And at Manhattan Beach one recent afternoon a group of some 75 high school students, taking re-

cess at the beach, spotted Moon's name modestly emblazoned on his surfboard. "It's him, it's him!" went the alarm, and J.J. was quickly awash in teen-agers clamoring for T-shirts bearing his name. He didn't have any on hand, and instead coolly and tirelessly obliged with his autograph—on paper bags, matchbook covers and pop-sicle sticks.

Flushed with this public affirmation of loyalty, J.J. signed a final autograph and then announced, "Well, we're going to be late for the Colorado River contest, so we've got to go." Then, waving goodbye to his fans, he stalked off like a crusader bound for Jerusalem.

For reasons different from those affecting his "public," Moon is a hero to his intimates. Whenever he returns to his customary round of favorite saloons, J.J. basks in the glorious moonlight of his notoriety. "It's insane," he says. "We're putting everybody on, Oh, baby it's beautiful!"

He has become J.J. Moon to everybody he has ever known. Aside from his birth certificate, Ned Eckert barely exists.

"Hello, Charlie?" he bleats to his stockbroker. "This is J.J. What's going on, baby?" And in restaurants: "Table for five ready for Mr. Moon?" Recently he had trouble cashing a Ned Eckert traveler's check. "I thought your name was Moon," said the hotel manager suspiciously.

J.J. recently has expanded his franchise, assuming the role of a commerce-conscious and power-hungry leader, and talking busily of schemes that sound like circus posters. "As an outgrowth of my success," he will beam, "I am going to organize my own J.J. Moon Competition Surf Team, which will feature J.J. and the other top riders in an unbeatable professional cadre that will monopolize the sport. I am also thinking of founding the J.J. Moon Surf Club, which for a membership fee of \$2.50 will entitle you to an official J.J. Moon T-shirt and free entrance to the many miles of best surfing beaches—which will be bought up by the J.J. Moon Corporation."

As usual, only a surprisingly small number of people can feel absolutely sure that he isn't being serious. J.J. Moon may be the greatest, as half a million people believe. But nobody has seen him with those tennis shoes off.

SOME PEOPLE HAVE ALL THE FUN

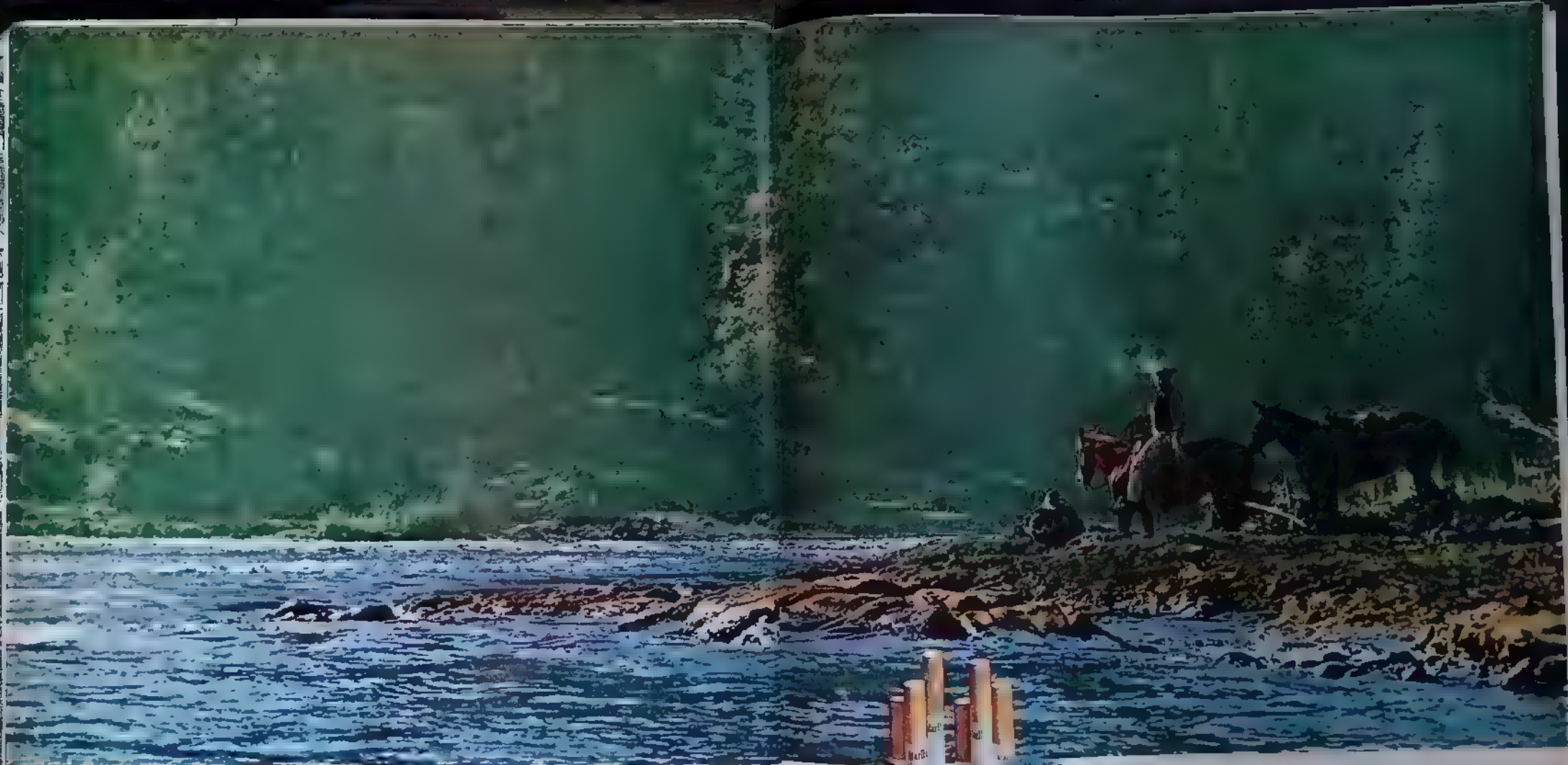


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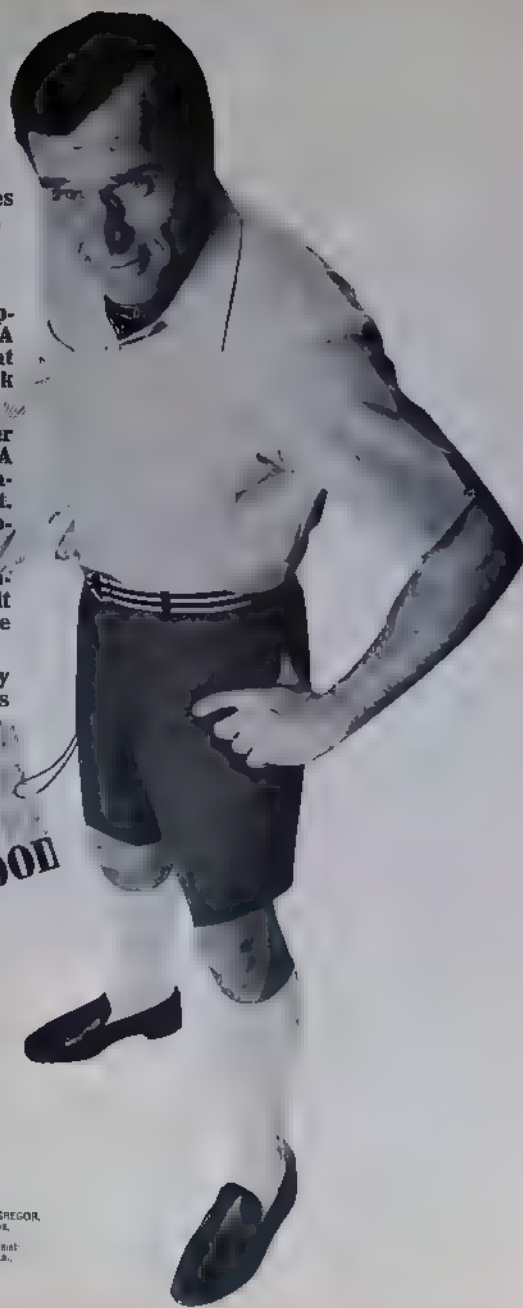
Greenwood's woven a poplin that scoffs at wrinkles. A permanent press poplin. That makes these McGregor walk shorts as no-care as can be.

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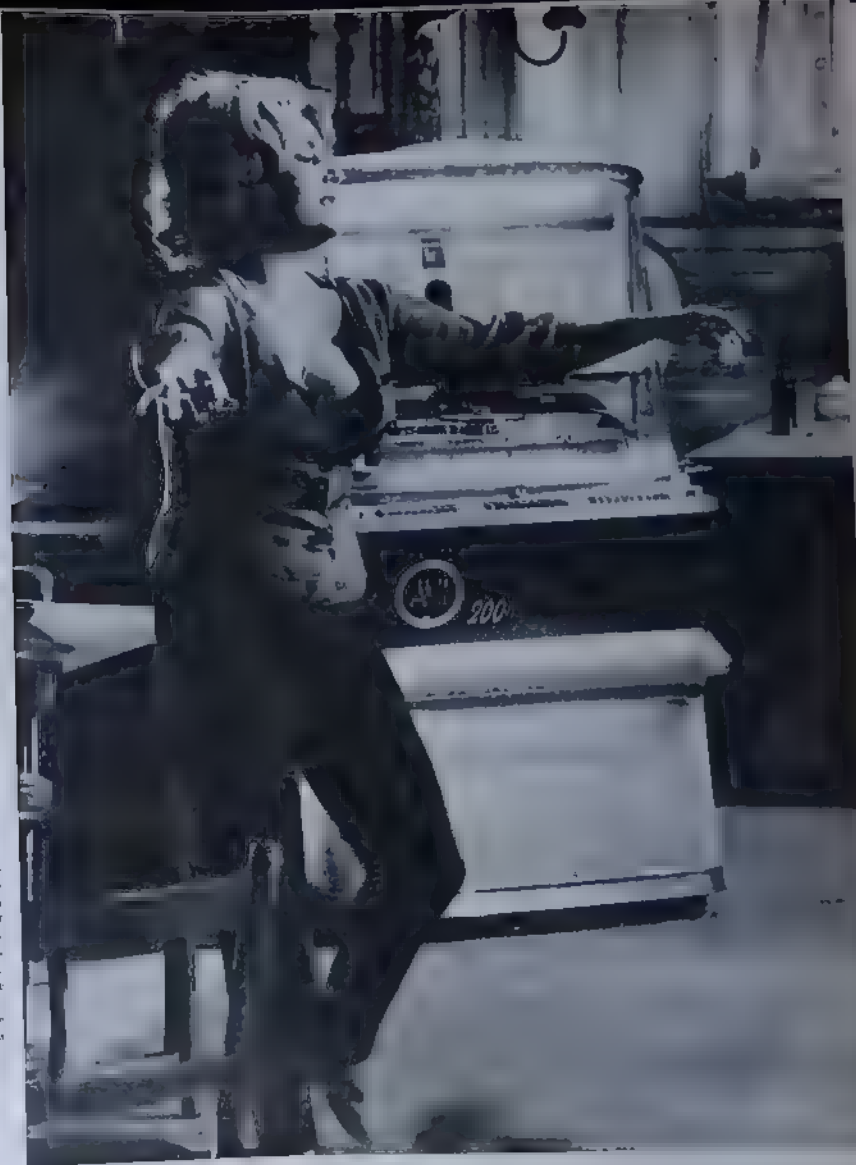
Just because this is a no-bother poplin don't think it can't take it. It's strong. Made for man-wear.

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Don't let us suggestively
insure a young instructor
to dance with her. Elizabeth
Taylor takes on the kind of
role she has never played be-
fore in *Who's Afraid of Vir-
ginia Woolf?* She is Mar-
tin. Her husband is Je of a New
England college professor.
She and her husband have
taken a young teacher and his
wife to a roadhouse at 11.11

A surprising Liz in a film shocker

'Virginia Woolf' boils with venom and power

Everybody seemed to be going about things the wrong way when they set out to make this movie. If he's afraid of Virginia Woolf? Edward Madsen's famous play was too early in both theme and dialogue for a Hollywood film. Elizabeth Taylor was too young, too beautiful, and not skilful enough to play a drunken, slutty woman in her 40s. Richard Harris was too British, too un-entertaining to be a hen-pecked American college professor. Mike Nichols was a superb director of light Broadway comedies—but wasn't he presiding over making a debut with violent drama?

But miraculously everything turned out right. *Virginia Woolf* emerges as an honest, sensitive film of great power and final poignancy. Yet its merits will be clouded by the fact that it is a shocker, shattering every written rule of Hollywood propriety. Its sexual scenes are explicit, its language raw and even obscene.

The film tells of a middle-aged professor and his wife who entertain a younger couple in a night-long drinking bout. They plunge into a cauldron of hate, playing the games to rip away the illusions that shore up each life.

Elizabeth Taylor, in her bravura role, is a revelation with 20 extra pounds, a salt-and-pepper wig and a whiskey-soaked voice. But in acting is the best of her film career. *Virginia Woolf* has already caused some extra-ordinary and scathing among critics—hippies, sex-pis and a swarm down in the movie industry over its antiquated code of conduct.

To taunt her husband and repay him for his constant insults, Martha does a searching, sexual foray with Nick, the young professor (George Segal), and locks herself hoily to him in an embrace.



CONTINUED



W₁ to W₂ has an average value of \bar{W} and the variance of \bar{W} is $\frac{1}{n} \sum_{i=1}^n (W_i - \bar{W})^2$. The variance of \bar{W} is $\frac{1}{n} \sum_{i=1}^n (W_i - \bar{W})^2$. The variance of \bar{W} is $\frac{1}{n} \sum_{i=1}^n (W_i - \bar{W})^2$.

does to shake her. Ark pulls him off
 four when Martin tries to interfere.
 Ark, though, takes coverage by splitting
 on the most private secret: that the son

Martha talks of an pear-dick as it is in the
that her wife is barren. It is when better
is right while the other wife says
John & holds her very in dishonor

After a murderous attack, a spilled secret



Raw dialogue challenges all the censors

by THOMAS
THOMPSON

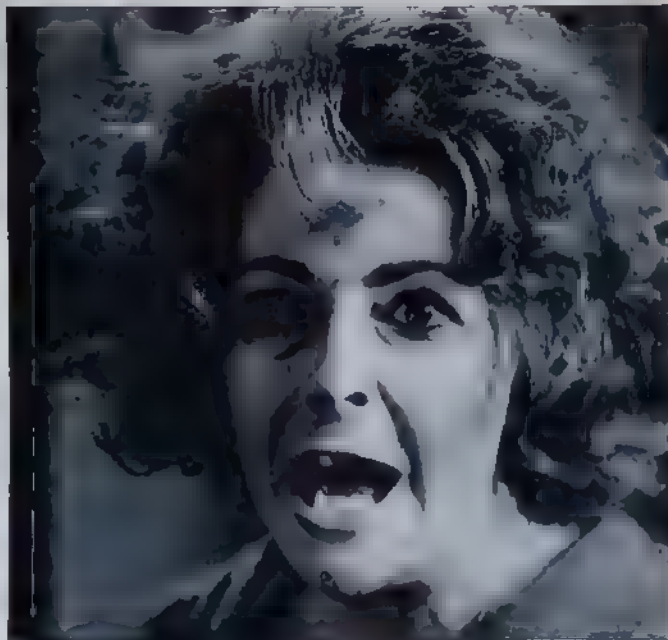
If this obscenity is allowed, I regret the minister from his pulpit. "then the very moral fiber of America is in grave jeopardy." What was this awful thing that threatened the American soul? Our line of dialogue in *Gone with the Wind*: "Frankly, my dear I don't give a damn."

That "damn," spoken in 1939 by Clark Gable, was the first curse word in a major American film. The movie industry's censor, Joseph B. Breen, and every thing in his considerable power to get Producer David O. Selznick to change the word to "damned." He failed. The word was allowed and American films grew bolder and bolder in their dialogue.

If the preacher who inveighed against that epochal first "damn" could see and hear *It's a Wonderful Life*, he would certainly feel that his prophecies had been confirmed. In its earthy, un-filmed dialogue are 11 "God-damns," seven "bastards," five "sons of bitches," and such assorted graphic phrases as "screw you," "up yours," and "bump the hussy."

In or out of context the words are shocking but they are the essential weapons with which the film's four people violently and drunkenly duel one another. Their tongues, loosened by liquor, speak coarse words out to reveal their true, human faces. Of course, have been badly censored with sex and breaking taboos. But with *Virginia Woolf*, the American movie industry enters an era in which there are virtually no restrictions at all on dialogue.

The lines of *Virginia Woolf* shocked even the people who saw it as a Broadway play, so when Edward Albee sold the film rights for \$500,000, he assumed Hollywood would dilute the dialogue. The film was assigned to producer-screenwriter Ernest Lehman,



who had just finished adapting *The Sound of Music*, which is as different from *Virginia Woolf* as *Winnie the Pooh* is from *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. Mike Nichols, arriving at the Warner Bros. lot for a movie-directing debut, found Lehman, an intensely nervous man under normal circumstances, assaulted now by agony.

Lehman had tried desperately to retain the flavor of Albee's play, but recognizing the nature of the climate of film censorship, he had also tried to launder it. "Ernie, for example, changed 'you son of a bitch' to 'you dirty lousy, out-dut, dut,'" Nichols recalls. "He wasn't taking them out to be prudish, he just felt it was better to be protected in advance rather than have to take it out after the film was done."

Nichols and Lehman labored for more than six months on the script and finally decided they were being dishonest. "Disguise

ing profanity with clean but suggestive phrases is really dirtier," says Nichols. "It reminded me of an old Cary Cooper movie when somebody said, 'He's so poor he hasn't got a pot to put flowers in.' Everybody in the audience got what was intended: echoes of wild talk it seems to me, are deliberately inflating. People do certain things to each other that we all have heard. The whole point of the sexual revelation that's happening today is to let these things take their place and then go back into proportion. We feel the language in *Woolf* is essential to the fabric; it reveals who the people are and how they lived."

Lehman and Nichols discarded most of the revisions and put back most of Albee's dialogue. "Sure we were scared," Lehman says. "But we felt the artistic intent of the film would be so clear it would overcome any caginess. The only thing I took out

I don't know, heavy, like when her husband accuses her of 'brav- ing.' With Burton coaching, it changed her line, which came into a really coarse, central thrust for the

were certain 'Jesus Christ' when I felt 'Oh, my God' could be used with equal effectiveness."

The picture was filmed at a cost of \$7.5 million, the most expensive black and white, non-spectacle production ever. When screened for the studio's executives, many of them thought, "My God, we've got a \$7.5 million dirty movie on our hands."

The immediate question, of course, was, "Where can we put it?" The answer was, "No place." Nichols had not permitted any "covering" shots—scenes shot with soft-focus language as a hedge against censorship. Lehman, who had the only thing left to do in case the movie censors and the Catholic Church's rating board censored the film was to turn it into a *Person a l'air* commercial, use the television rather than the

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LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION

CONTINUED ON PAGE 98

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VIRGINIA WOOLF

technique that bbs out names of competing products.

Warner Bros. locked up the film. The first outsider to see it was Albee, who flew to Los Angeles to look at a rough print. He expected it would be about as provocative as a Terrytoon, but Lehmans reported later that day, "he wept four times."

Next to enter the security-tight screening room were representatives of the powerful National Catholic Office for Motion Pictures, formerly the Legion of Decency. Eighty-four raters from the Catholic-all-shooters—all college-educated film enthusiasts—attended the showing and then wrote lengthy reports for the head of the Office, Monsignor Thomas F. Little and his chief associate, Father Patrick J. Salazar. Monsignor Little and Father Sullivan went to see the film twice themselves, then settled down to read and consider the individual reports which guided them.

"I must say I would not like to

see the Lord's Name become the easy recourse of a scriptwriter," one representative wrote in his report. "yet I feel very strongly that at this time an arbitrary blanket pronouncement regarding language by the Church would do nothing out assure its critics of a general lack of perception on the Church's part of the values of the film. There is something being said here which is quite valid and, in its own terms, very moral."

Another said, "I can see little moral harm that will come from the use of vulgar language. Shock and disgust are not moral evils in themselves. I suppose we can expect a storm of protest from offended Catholics if we pass the film. Many will feel that this is giving some sort of approval to the use of such language. But there is a greater danger in not approving it. As I see it, there is a major tendency among younger and well-educated Catholics to ignore NCOMP's ratings."

A priest wrote, "We may accept a dance which is an obvious imitation of sexual intercourse in

this film because it serves a purpose in the plot, is not exploited for effect."

But there were dissenters. A judge said "I cast an emphatic vote for a condemned rating. This film has no redeeming social value. The only possible favorable comment I can make is that the actors ably depict the varying moods of drunken persons."

Of the 81 reports, the overwhelming majority were in favor of approving the film. Monsignor Little and Father Sullivan discussed them did more soul-searching than they had ever done on an American film, and, with minds made up, went over to the Warner Bros. offices in New York.

The Warner executives were nervously awaiting the Church's reaction. They were concerned not only about the language. Liz Taylor's dance, a wildly sexual frug with George Segal, would have been adequate grounds for condemnation five years ago. To Warners' astonishment, and relief, Monsignor Little announced that

the film would get an A-1 rating.

An A-1 film is, by definition, "morally unobjectionable for adults, with reservations." The word "reservations" is a warning to audiences that the film may contain some shocking elements. It is three steps down from the A-1 category which is reserved for sugar pops like *Mary Poppins*. But it is a giant step ahead of a B rating (morally objectionable in part for all) or the awesome C (condemned) rating which in the 32-year history of the rating office has been applied to only a few American films—among them *The Moon Is Blue* in 1952, *Baby Doll* in 1956, *Kiss Me, Stupid* in 1964 and *The Pawnbroker* in 1965. "We put *Virginia Woolf* in what we call our 'hok film' category," the monsignor explained. "This is the category we used for *Dorling 8½* and *La Dolce Vita*."

Before he left, the monsignor asked to see samples of the film's advertising campaign. He found it tasteful and unsensational. Moreover, in an unprecedented move, Warners' insisted that the ator owners permit no people under 18, unless accompanied by an adult, to see the movie. Up to now it has been left to the theater owner's discretion to restrict showings to adults; now Warners' makes this a part of the contract between studio and exhibitor.

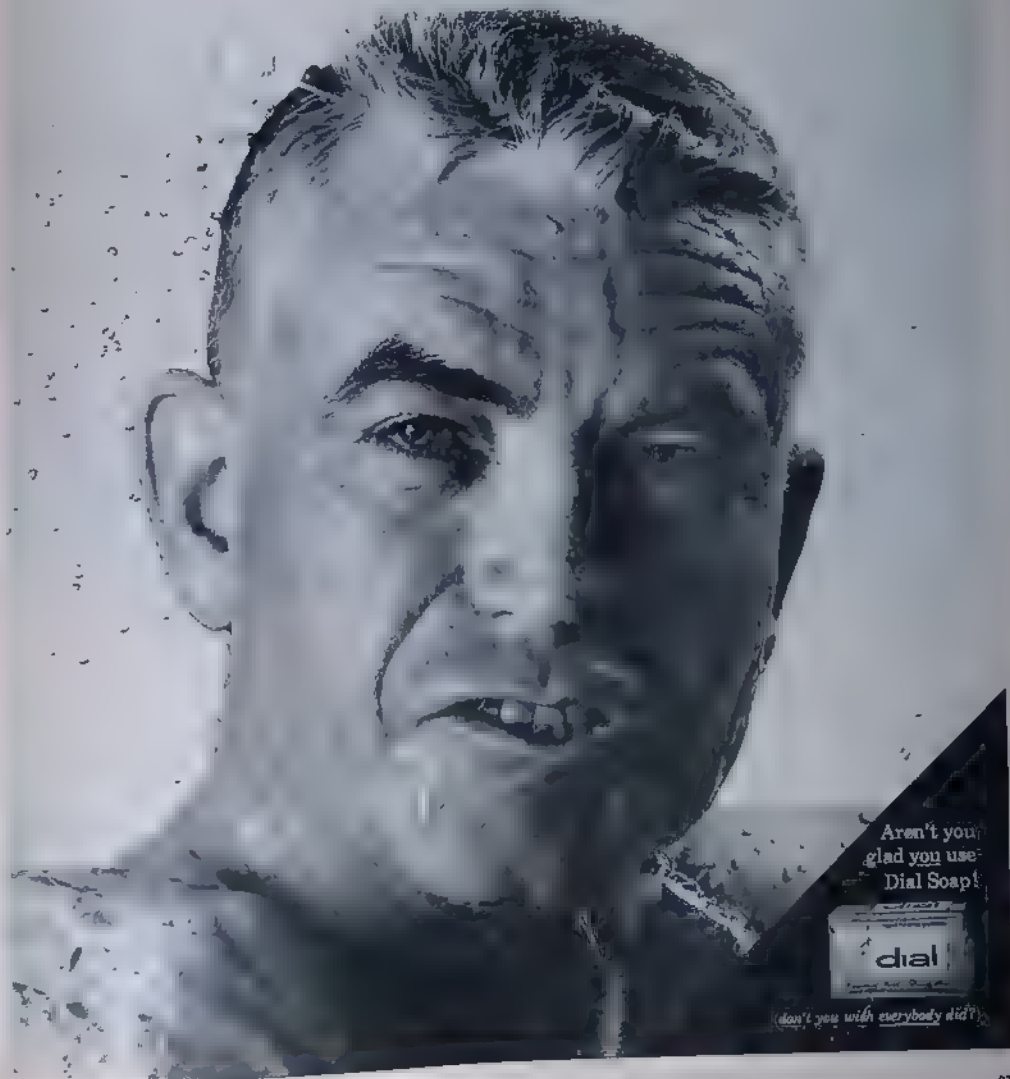
The Catholics did not ask for a single cut in the film, and when they left Warners' something very important had happened to the movie industry.

"We have judged *Virginia Woolf* in its totality," said Monsignor Little. "In the context of this film, the elements have a dramatic vitality. I've never heard those words on a screen before, but I've heard them at Coney Island. It is all right to use erotic elements when everything gets in artistic integrity." He was not clearing a route to vulgarity, the monsignor added. "Dean Martin doing the same things in *The Silencers* most certainly would not be approved."

Then, having cleared the Catholics, *Virginia Woolf* ran into an unpleasant surprise—trouble from the industry's own Motion Picture Association. Geoffrey Soutlock, its 71-year-old head censor, refused to give it a code seal of approval. "I think it is a marvelous film," he says. "Right now it is the one to beat for the Academy Award; anyone who thinks otherwise would be an idiot. But

CONTINUED

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A yes for Virginia, but 'with reservations'

Drunkly Durian tells Segal that the next "game" to be played in the night is evidence will be "Get the Cure"





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'A test of how far a film can go'

VIRGINIA WOOLF
CONTINUED

I could not give it the seal with that language. It clearly violates the code."

Indeed, the film violates practically all parts of the antiquated conduct guide drawn up by the industry in 1930—largely modified since and largely ignored, to say the least, by the only reason Shullock rejected *Virginia Woolf*. Another is that as a student smarting from his experience with *Kiss Me, Stupid*, a snappy comedy by Billy Wilder to which he awarded the seal in 1964. It then drew a C rating from the Legion of Decency. Shullock knew *Stupid* violates the code, but he assumed he had license to stretch the guidelines because of Warner's enormous power in the film industry.

Shullock thus decided to rule strictly by the book in the *Woolf* case, and he sent the version 1,000 miles in New York. "I'm tossing it to Jack Valenti," he said. Valenti, former assistant to President Johnson, has just taken over as the \$175,000-a-year president of the Motion Picture Association of America. Shullock was saying, in effect, that he is bound by an old code and had no choice but to deny *Woolf* a seal. He hoped Valenti could find a way for the MPAA to approve the film.

Valenti saw *Woolf* and said privately that he liked it very much. But he did not have the power to overrule Shullock. His opinions, however, with carry great weight if as expert. Warner Bros. appeals to the Production Code Review Board, composed of 12 MPAA board members (of which Valenti is one), four producers and six exhibitors. Or Warner's could ignore the MPAA and release the picture without a seal. "One thing is certain," says Benjamin Kalmenson, executive vice president of the studio, "we are not going to tamper with this picture." Valenti has spent the past week reading books, articles and legal rulings on film censorship. He is considering a massive overhaul of the code to accommodate such films as *Virginia Woolf*. "This must be a test case," says an MPAA executive, "of how far a film can go."

It is a test, really, of whether America is willing to accept a temporary change in its film as well as its life. Father Sullivan acknowledges that *Virginia Woolf* would have been condemned a few years ago. "But what would have happened," he asks, "had a girl appeared on a beach in a bikini in 1966 but in 1930?"

Minister Thomas Little (right), head of the National Catholic Office for Motion Pictures, and his associate, Father Patrick Sullivan, rated *Virginia Woolf* A-1—approved for adults with reservations.



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This is the second of two articles on the critical new phase of the Negro revolution brought on by his demand for real equality. Last week LITTE told how responsible leadership confronts the problem. Here is a report on the hard-core extremists who plan to turn Negro frustration into violence and wage "urban guerrilla warfare" against the white enemy.

by **RUSSELL SACKETT**

In a score of major U.S. cities there is a growing cult of Negro extremists who have been storing arms and stoking the anger of the black ghettos. These men, most of them in their 20s and 30s, are counting on the failure of responsible leadership to lead black and white to some like the demands of the Negro for equality now. They feel that the structure of the civil rights movement in the North is archaic, based on the sweet-jazzy despair of a time when an urban Harlem was a goal of sorts for Southern Negroes, not just another mocking roadblock on the way to a better life. These young "red ants" feel that the white man is being badly misinformed by his Negro plenipotentiaries, the civil rights leaders, most of whom long since have left and lost contact with the ghetto. They are sure—and there is evidence to support them—that extremism is much closer to the mood of the "brothers on the streets" than the establishment leadership is. The white man, they insist, quiet his conscience by, say, overtopping his radiator. "What. Why doesn't know," says one extremist leader, "is that the man he's overtopped not only doesn't love him for it—he may very well hate him. He may be wishing he could cut out his fine Jude-Christian heart."

In secret recesses of any ghetto in the U.S. there are dozens and hundreds of black men working resolutely toward an Armageddon in which Whitey is to be either destroyed or forced to his knees. Their avowed aim is a summer of chaos—"Wattee, lots of them—only worse, much worse." There is no way to measure the extremists' capability for making good on their threat. But reporters surveying the largest black ghettos of the cities are convinced that the potential is there for at least a hideously effective beginning.

The extremist leadership, a secret revolutionary elite scattered in clusters across the country, numbers in the hundreds. Each



A War
FAILS, EXTREMISTS

On 'Whitey'
ARE SET AND EAGER FOR VIOLENCE

cluster has its own dedicated followers, numbering into the scores and hundreds. There are groups with weapons caches—sniper rifles, sidearms, shotguns, automatics, even bazookas—dispersed in tenement coalbins, in vacant attics, in the basements of funky bars where three double shots of scalding bourbon cost a man a dollar. There is, too, by common knowledge, a plentiful stockpile of empty soda bottles, rag wicks, funnels and cans of gasoline that convert into instant incendiaries of the type which, at Watts in south Los Angeles last August, leveled more than 200 business buildings and extensively damaged

many homes. In Chicago, a storekeeper in the South Side, looking out the rear window of his shop and was dumfounded to see 80 to 100 men in the courtyard resolutely going through combat drill with rifles, automatics and dummy demolition charges. When he reported his discovery to precinct detectives, the storekeeper was told that in recent months similar drills had been spotted and reported in northern Manhattan, the southern Bronx and the Bedford-Stuyvesant section of Brooklyn. The police could only keep the would-be guerrillas under surveillance in an attempt to discover the location of their ordnance depot. The merchant, shaken by the backlot maneuvers, took off for his home in Queens and now does Sunday work in his living room. ▶ A distraught mother on Chicago's South Side recently told detectives she had discovered that her 15-year-old son was stealing towels and stripping them for Molotov cocktail wicks. What should she do? The police advised her to keep them informed if possible—but under no circumstances to let her son know she knew, for fear that she would place herself in mortal danger from his associates. ▶ "You can just about bet," said a special investigator from a large metropolitan police department, "that these people have the circuit diagrams of the underground power-cable systems in many of the major cities."

Said a revolutionary, who has a degree in engineering, "These things are quite simple, you know—an idiot could almost do it. You only have to know what cable to cut, or what manhole cover to lift—and where to place the explosives."

CONTINUED

Plotting
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'Negro men of power are on trial for battles they didn't fight'

EXTREMISTS CONTINUED

In short the real prospect for rebellion developing from riots—"urban guerrilla warfare," as the extremists choose to call their immediate goal—is something more than the wild hallucinations of a relatively few angry black Napoleons. Indeed, some knowledgeable observers say that the extremists number among them some of the best minds in the Negro community. This makes it even more urgent to evaluate the believers in violence who they are, what they plan to do, what they are after and who is listening to them.

"I'll give you an opinion," says Bayard Rustin, the eloquent logician of the civil rights movement and one of a limited number of Negro-establishment leaders who works in daily contact with the ghetto. "These fellows have a bigger audience than we like to admit. They are saying, 'Let's get Whitey. Let's put his head in the bowl and pull the chain.' This says something to the poor guy on the corner who can only make a living by selling pot. There are too many poor guys like this and we're not doing enough for him. While we're talking about a poverty program, the extremists are telling him how he can be black and still feel like a man. I don't agree with their conclusions, but there are a lot of brothers too many—who think it sounds pretty good. I think we're in for it."

"Almost everyone knows," Leonard Bennett Jr., the senior editor of *Ebony* magazine, has written, "that the basic power structure is threatened by the Negro rebellion. What is not noted often enough is that Negro men of power are also on trial... not for the battles they lost but for the battles they didn't fight."

What sort of men lead the extremists? A large percentage have attended college—some still are students—and many have advanced degrees. Among them are writers, actors, lawyers, engineers, teachers, ministers, musicians, architects, athletes and poets.

Some good and some very bad. Some have been Marxists or members of the Mao-anizing Progressive Labor Movement, but now scorn these affiliations. "That's the bug of the white Left let them live in it while it lasts," Instead of folk singing, they prefer karate. Some are former Black Muslims, some come out of the proliferation of black nationalist movements.

At some point many of them part company with the separatist concept of a black state, a black nation, back to Africa, a Third World—as cynical and unrealistic rallying cries. They tend to look on the Muslim prophet Elijah Muhammad as just a religious hustler. They see Dr. Martin Luther King in much the same light, only they hate him more—for he is the Negro to whom Whitey turns for answers to racial questions. But Elijah, at least, aims his appeal directly at the ghetto and stresses blackness as a virtue. For many of the same reasons they disdain King, they view the whole civil rights establishment with contempt, in fact, because it speaks not for the black man but for the black bourgeoisie—"boozies," as they are known in ghetto circles.

"It seems to me," says editor Dan Watts, whose *Liberator* magazine publishes the extremist writings of men like LeRoi Jones, Lawrence P. Neal and Roland Snellings, "that whatever big IBM machine decides which Negro is going to make it in his field just isn't working right. *Incarceration* picks the guy who basically hates his own race and wants to play white man." The comment is particularly ironic given coming from Dan Watts, who, in the eyes of most Negroes, pretty well had it made in the white world. A gifted architect out of Columbia University, he was associated with one of the nation's leading architectural firms. He had a key role in executing the designs for the International Arrival Terminal and the First National City Bank building at New York's Kennedy Airport. He resigned from the firm when he became convinced "I would never be judged as an architect, but only as a Negro architect." In 1960 he

quit the profession entirely to take up black activist journalism. He has never been back to a drafting board.

The anger of many extremists is so intense that it can play a general analogue.

"I have nothing to say to the West," was one prominent extremist's response to a request for an interview.

"For a moment," Watts says, "it's because the new black revolutionary doesn't believe Whitey really wants to hear what he has to say. The other part is that he's just past talking—there's simply no longer any point to it."

Those revolutionaries who can still be reached for private conversation are apt to speak with staggering candor, a lot of it directed at the fog of irrelevancies through which they are certain Whitey sees racial crises.

When the blowup comes, and it isn't too far off, says one extremist leader, "it'll be at least partly because the Man Whitey feels he's kept up on racial matters by having lunch downtown with Whitey Young or Roy Wilkins. He mistakes what the black Anglo-Saxons tell him for the cry of the black masses. So, when the ghetto suddenly blows up, he'll be completely surprised. He barely knows there's a ghetto there."

What the black man needs, says LeRoi Jones, the brilliant and bitter playwright who is, if not a leader of black extremists, surely one of its most eloquent spokesmen, "is an absolute world of his own values. This is not realistic with the white man alive. I do not think it possible that we can wish him away."

An aged Negro lady, nearing death, was trying for one last time to explain her lifelong religious devoutness to her alienated son, an extremist. "Don't you know what I've been praying for all these years?" she implored. Her son sighed that he couldn't imagine. "I've been praying," the old lady snapped, "that the good Lord would strike the white man dead."

Her son later said "It occurred

CONTINUED



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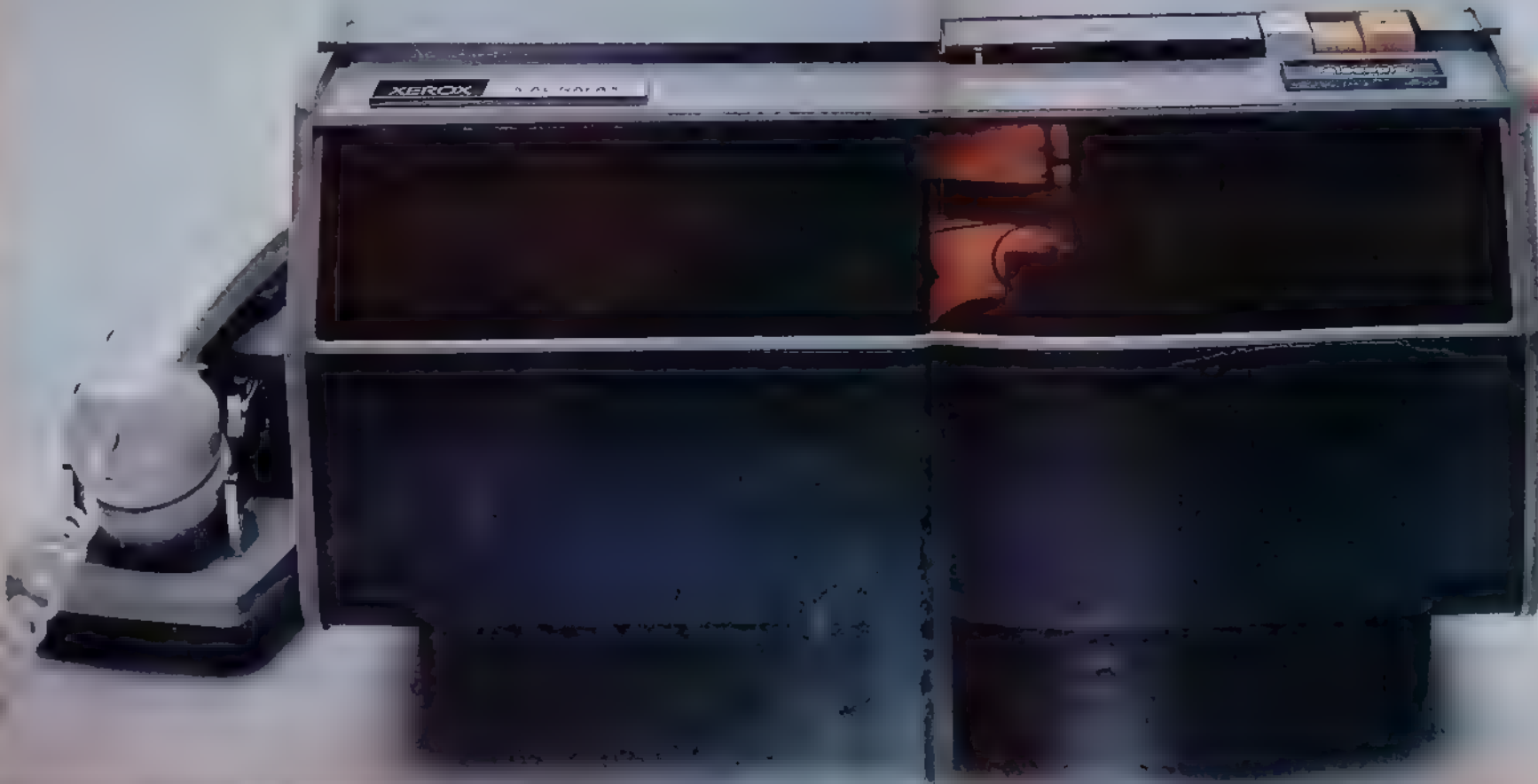
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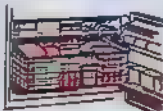
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DAN WATTS
Editor, Liberation magazine

"I've got to make a man proud of the fact he's black... make him want to fight for it. Putting Watts in the Cabinet or giving Willie May \$100,000 a year just doesn't do it. You've got to show him it's his right to be leader of his race."

CONTINUED

to me right then I didn't really have anything figured out."

Extremism as a very general term—movement—the death wish for Whites—is quite easily discernible among the people of the ghetto. But it is difficult to determine the structure of black extremist organizations. Key proliferate—in her names such as Uhuru, Black Arts, NAM, Black Flag, Black Vanguard—and they overlap, merge, go underground, reappear and reorganize under other names in other locations. The so-called Black Liberation Front, for example, had a brief moment of notoriety when three of its members—an established engineering student, a statement issue navigator and a college graduate working for the New York Public Library—were caught in a gas-a plot to blow the head off the Statue of Liberty as a symbol of contempt for the white power structure. The three were imprisoned, and the NLF was apparently vanished and been absorbed by other groups, thereby avoiding it is embarrassing legacy of large-scale bungling.

"Give up, baby," needed one avowed revolutionary when asked to describe the relationship between two current revolutionary organizations. "You're trying to make a statue out of a handful of gravy. Crackers, white men, have bigger things to worry about than the names of the specific groups of brothers that's likely to hit them. It's nothing to very much keep in mind—they're going to be lost."

Currently the most influential and feared of the black revolutionary groups is the Revolutionary Action Movement—or more recently, some consider it, the Revolutionary Armed

Movement. HAM is an umbrella-like fraternity with an estimated 1,000 violent agent brothers dispersed through the Negro ghettos of the East Coast, where it was formed. Hundreds of other Negroes are actively affiliated with the brothers, a virtually every major city in the U.S. HAM had its beginnings among a group of students who went to Cuba in 1961 against State Department wishes and came under the influence of radical activists whom they met there.

The spiritual godfather of HAM is an American who has lived most recently in exile in Cuba and was there when the American students arrived. He is Robert Frank Williams, a stocky, outspoken ex-Marine who once belonged to a white Unitarian church and, because an NAACP chapter in Monroe, N.C. long before most of the country was aware of Malcolm X, "Rob" Williams was both preaching and practicing armed resistance to white violence in the Klan-infested Union County area.

In late summer 1957, Monroe Negroes, firing from sandbagged gun emplacements positioned by Williams, put a heavily armed and armored caravan of robes, Klan in vanes to screening retreat from the city's colored section. Williams left the U.S. in August 1961, just a week ahead of FBI agents pursuing him for jumping to a North Carolina kidnapping indictment. The no-travel statement from his statement of a white judge at his home during another Monroe racial crisis. The charge was generally regarded as a far-fetched absurdity, but Williams' reputation as a hell-raiser and as a warm admirer of Fidel Castro—rarely commended him

CONTINUED

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Rebel in exile draws a blueprint for chaos

EXTREMISTS CONTINUED

to emergency in Carolina courts Williams didn't stop until he reached a suburb of Havana, where Castro granted him asylum.

From Cuba, an RAM-ordained "premier of the African-American government-in-exile," Williams has managed to retain a remarkable continuity of communication and influence with U.S. black extremists, broadcasting weekly until recently, to "Negroes of the South" over "Radio Free Dixie," steadily bespeaking armed resistance to white oppressors.

In Cuba, Williams also publishes a violent pamphlet called *The Crusader*, which comes into the U.S. by direct mail to individuals, and across the Canadian border by bundle via couriers. It is distributed quarterly—more or less—along the RAM grapevine. The most recent copies to reach New York were dated March of this year.

In person, Williams is a compellingly pleasant man, quite believably the fanatical vehemence of his public statements. It is difficult to assess just how much control or direct influence he has over RAM operations. Exile makes him a handy symbol—his picture is prominently displayed in extremist haunts in the big ghettos—while at the same time preventing his becoming a charismatic nuisance.

Aversion to charisma is a distinctive trait shared by all the revolutionaries—for reasons both practical (fear of the police) and paranoid (fear of being followed, of having secrets misinterpreted, of meeting Malcolm X's fair lie von I Williams. RAM's leaders are resolutely faceless. The one man to whom inquiries are most frequently referred by Williams and others is a bright 24-year-old wraith named Max Stanford. This police troublemaker, Stanford, a Philadelphian, is elusive: he slips secretly from city to city as liaison man among the scattered RAM affiliates, and between them and whatever financial supporters the group has—both inside and outside the country. That much of his role can be learned no more.

Authorities are convinced that RAM gets material support from sources unfriendly to the U.S.—specifically Red China, Cuba and certain of the African republics. However, there is no evidence of affluence among the leadership. "Put it this way," says one of the brothers. "If any of those countries sent bread, you can bet it wouldn't be sent back. We know we have their moral support, but that don't buy much."

Interviews, if any, with RAM leaders are arranged through intermediaries, and interviews are generally begun cautiously on the pretext that the interviewee, though known edgewise, is not in itself a member. In view of the subject matter—macking as it does strongly of sedition, the segment is understandable. A sample from a once weekly arranged and water confrontation in a dimly lit club parlor:

Q: How far do you suppose the brothers might go if the next big riot were to take place, say, in Harlem?

A: Well, let's see...huh... What's that first big commutation train to Connecticut after a good and dark? The .305? Yeah, well what do you suppose all those big Madison Avenue men would do if that train was to be derailed at 125th Street, or just before it came out of the ground at 91st? Stay there in line in the bar car waiting for a drink in a paper cup? Huh? Run? Where to? Call for help? Don't. Man, would he they make some hostages?

Q: Where would the police be while all this is going on?

A: Don't you suppose like the police might be busy several other places just then? I like putting down a big fuss over on Lenox Avenue, yeah, or trying to unsmother the world's biggest traffic jam on the East River Drive. Maybe the lights might all go out about now.

Further and more elaborate conversations sound to a white society that hasn't yet quite mastered the first verse and a chorus of *Shut Government*, they ring faintly to students conversant with revolution and guerrilla warfare in the more violent sectors and

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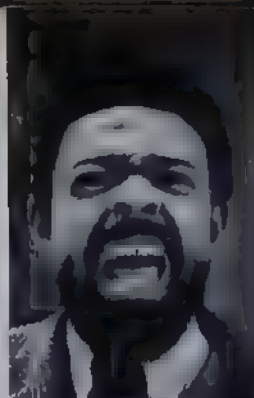
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LEROI JONES
Phonograph

"I don't think it is necessary to make anything clear to the white man except perhaps that most of the people in the world would be better off if the white man didn't exist."



EXTREMISTS CONTINUED

cus of world history. It is, in fact, a prevailing attribute of RAM members that they are impressively well read in revolutionary literature from Marx and Lenin to Mao, Che Guevara and Frantz Fanon.

"One of the brothers' real hang-ups now," said one such scholar, twirling his martini glass in a Brooklyn bar, "is that there's no really definitive book on urban guerrilla warfare. I've checked the libraries: it's too new a subject."

Maybe, he chuckled in afterthought, "we'll write our own."

Q: How would you tell if a man you don't know is an extremist?

A: Well, if I was sitting in a really good espionage movie, like *The Train* or *The Spy Who Came in from the Cold*, and the guy sitting next to me was black and he was taking notes, I'd figure he's probably a brother.

In an issue of *The Crusader*, published a year before the 1965 Watts riot, Rob Williams offered a pretty vivid outline for urban guerrilla tactics: "... huddle as close to the enemy as possible so as to neutralize his modern and fierce weapons... [diminishing] central power to the level of a helpless, sprawling octopus. By day sporadic rioting takes place and massive stamping. Night brings all-out warfare, organized fighting and unlimited terror against the oppressor and his forces."

And later that year, in the June 1964 issue, "The weapons of defense employed by Afro-American freedom fighters must consist of a poor man's arsenal. Gasoline, fire bombs, live or acid bombs... can be used extensively. During the night hours such weapons, thrown from rooftops, will make the streets impossible for racist cops

to patrol... gas tanks on public vehicles can be choked up with sand, long as is driven through boards, and tanks with large heads are effective to slow the movement of traffic on congested roads at night. Demolition of trains causes panic. Explosive booby traps on police telephone boxes can be employed. High-powered sniper rifles are readily available. Armor-piercing bullets will penetrate oil-storage tanks from a distance. Flame throwers can be manufactured at home."

The stormy Williams tract concludes: "America is a house on fire. BURN NOW or let it burn let it burn!"

The major concern of responsible Negro cinema is the speed with which the revolutionaries' message is catching fire among the young in the teeming Negro communities—the Harlems, Watts, South Sides and levee districts of the land, where "extremism," before the Watts crisis, was little more than a hot whisper.

"Maybe it first really hits you when you start to dance," muses one though the Negro revolution. "You wake up in the morning and the guy in that mirror is black. He's black, and that is no great blessing in this life. There are days when you just don't feel you want to go through this."

It is hard to sell abstract concepts like integration and civil rights to a teen-ager with a ton of amusework and no home—not even a quiet corner—he can do it in. But for youngsters rec in the concept of armed revolution a tangible prospect of striking back at the one incarnate force barring the way to almost everything they ever really wanted. *Whitey: The Beast, The Man, The Grease-Cracker, Mister Char.*

CONTINUED



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'The revolution needs a lot of hot kids'

EXTREMISTS CONTINUED

"It's this sense of complete alienation," says Dan Watts, "the frustration of being less than a man in his own house. If you say the trouble is the Negro just wants his share of the bread, you're missing the point. Sure, everyone wants a good life, but more than that is just the sense of being a human being. That's where the big appeal is in the warrior aspect of this revolutionary thing, and don't discount it. This—not just bread—is the glue that brings the people together. What good is envy? You've got to make a man accept the fact that he's black, make him proud of it, make him want to fight for it. Putting Weaver in the Cabinet or paying Willie Mays \$100,000 a year won't do it. You've got to show him Whitey can be scared of him."

Echoing the same train of thought, another man scowled at a group of Negro youths milling on a corner in front of a burned-out tavern in south central Los Angeles.

"Equal opportunity, my sweet obscenity," he said. "The way these kids see it, equality is like Whitey holds you by the belt at the starting line and everyone else is halfway around the track. One gives you a big slap on the rump and says, 'Go, baby, you're equal.' Takes an unusual man to win a race like that. It's easier to shoot the starter."

Not many of the adult revolutionaries seem really concerned with a youth program. "Kids are extremists in their own way," a RAM member explains. "What matters is that they're mad. They don't much care about long explanations of why they're mad. The idea of guerrilla warfare—that turns them on."

Q: Why don't the revolutionaries pay more attention to kids?

A: Because they're kids. They aren't ready to be revolutionaries.

Q: Are you saying there's no place for kids in a revolution?

A: Man, be serious. Since every thing blows up, kids are indispensable. But not in the planning stages. They'll probably be the ones who provide the incident that sets it off, and they'll sure as

hell keep it going. There's never in history been an armed revolution without a lot of hot kids. But on those baby brothers are bad news when it comes to keeping secrets. Let em into the movement and we—all, the revolutionary brothers—would all be locked up before it started.

Q: Does that mean the brothers do the planning and the kids are the cannon fodder?

A: Oh, come on! Not cannon fodder. Retard. They do it all themselves, but then it'd be a riot. RAM can handle planning, preparation, transportation, supplies. Things like that are the difference between a riot and a revolt. But just can't get the idea the brothers are afraid of getting themselves killed. I swear, a lot of 'em will feel cheated if they don't.

One of the most striking developments among ghetto teenagers has been the growth of a "super-gang" concept which has made the old lexicon of "turfs" and "cruises" obsolete. One such super-gang, known as the "Five Percenters," came to the surface early last fall in New York.

The name Five Percenters stems from a thesis that 85% of Negroes are "cattle," 10% are "uncle Toms," and 5% are "the chosen ones." The 5% are supposed to take over from the 10% and 85% for better or for ill.

The Five Percenters frankly terrorize most adults who have any contact with them, and partly for this reason it is difficult to find anyone in a position to discuss them objectively. The group embraces an estimated 1,200 youngsters (there is evidence of a full-scale uprising in age upwards from 14, and they come from all five boroughs of New York City, but principally Harlem and Bedford Stuyvesant). Its members are great admirers of the RAM brand of extremism, even though they could do without all the intricate ritualizing. They have their own arsenal and their own creed, based on a pseudo-religious mystique that

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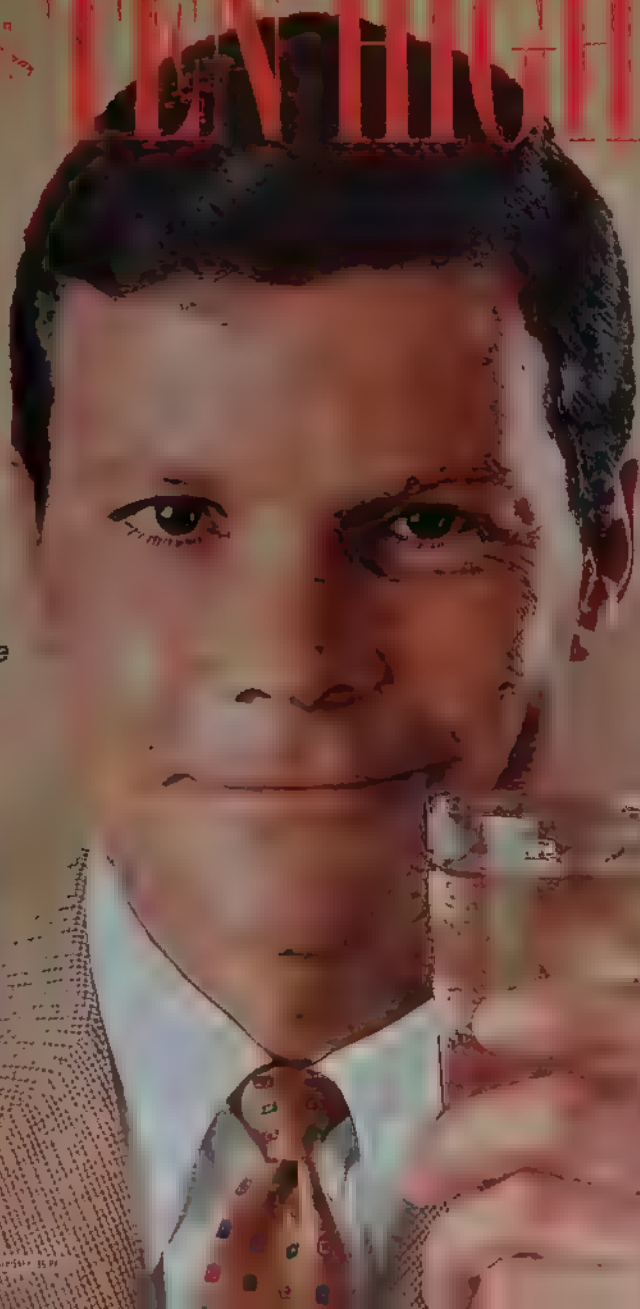
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EXTREMISTS CONTINUED

they learned in part from the Black Muslims, which leans on astrology, numerology and voodoo. They make a big thing, for example, about not eating pork.

"That's one tipoff," says a juvenile authority. "A kid who's never taken any more interest in dietetics than wanting to know what's for dinner suddenly wants to know whether his mother cooks with oil or with lard. If Mama's hair isn't gray already, that's when it starts, turning Most ghetto to white. You know that, under the Five Percenters, parents are responsible—especially if they're working for The Beast." These kids are so set that they won't just threaten to leave; some are to put the deed into it. They threaten to kill and some some of them could do it.

The Five Percenters assessed dues as much as \$30 per month. It's any outsider's guess where the money comes from, or precisely how it is spent. "We have it simple," says one youth in the group, "we're pretty well set. Most of the money goes for the purchase of your car. All them cars—after their weekly meetings, but smoking is a big part of the group ritual."

Students and teachers have been harassed and beaten by groups of Five Percenters roaming the school corridors and interfering with classes with loud racial insults.

It's the 5-person thing all over again, says a school official. "Some are being Five Percenters, pumps themselves full of their own strength and power, and this is what they are sure is the reason, all evil of white society. They're not a set of apart for no stronger reason than that it won't provide an adequate role in African history."

It sounds strange to say it

after some of the things they've pulled off," says a junior high school teacher, "but most of these are not bad kids. The ghetto life is stacked awfully high against them, and he wonders that any of them make it at all. How do you reconcile the life of a boy who's a pretty fair student in school and a Five Percenter on the outside? I've asked kids this question, and I've seen them cry, really cry, trying to explain it. Sure, some of the Five Percenters are psychotic and have no business in school, but if they were all as bad as they'd like to have us think, I'm sure we'd all be dead. Something's going to have to be done to help these kids find the place they're going to grow up. It's a failure our society can't afford. I wish I had the answer."

Unfortunately, virtually every non-extremist concerned with the crisis in the black ghettos seems agreed on the need toward a solution—something must be done, and fast, to save a little time.

Harlem, last summer scrambled into an emergency program, underwritten by the federal Office of Economic Opportunity and administered through many others. Harlem's antipoverty community group, the Project Upfront, was funded at \$3 million and begun within three weeks. One of its chief purposes was to avert a replay of the Harlem riots that had taken place in the summer of 1965. It gave a hint of what might be accomplished by a community-run trash program, an FBI provided a checklist of mistakes that can be made.

Livingston Wingate, executive director of Project Upfront, insisted from the beginning that every element in the community that wasn't in jail be included in some way in the planning. This brought in churches, civil rights groups, black nationalists of numerous

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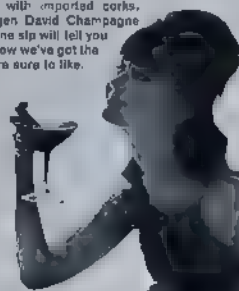
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EXTREMISTS

descriptions, the civil rights cauldron, Republican, Democratic, Marxist, Maoist and, ultimately, Five Percenters. Wingate was nearly devoured by his own current. Right at the start 4,000 youngsters were signed up for a multi-faceted youth program he'd devised, originally to include 2,500. Bookkeeping collapsed, checks were mislaid or not made out and the youngsters nearly wrecked the NAYO offices before they were cooled off. But Project Uplift zigzagged on through the summer, culminating on a disquieting hot day, September 11, with a gigantic parade and picnic that involved virtually all of Harlem and wound up in Central Park and wound up unhappily incident. It was one month to the day after the Watts rioting had begun in south Los Angeles, which had no summer program.

"Watts was a clear demonstration of how much little or organization can raise," says a highly involved observer. "It gave these people a chance to see white cops really scared anxious in the run from them. Just think what could happen in a highly organized ghetto, like Harlem or Philadelphia, where streets are narrow and buildings are higher and snipers can control the rooftops. But it could happen anywhere, wherever there are just white cops."

"The mood of this area right now is even uglier than it was before the Watts thing," says Lou Drath, western regional director of CORE, who heads a self-starting neighborhood revitalization unit

"A whole lot of it is police," a young Los Angeles extremist leader says quietly. "There's still a man under that blue suit, and he can be just as wrong as anyone else. I've watched beating after beating, and I just got hardened in here [biting his chest]. A kid came out by himself some Sunday coming at him and he's gonna win. Alone in this area, he's gotta fear the police. I was a boy curing the crows—all he had in his hand was a camera. The cops yelled at him and he ran. They'd shoot right through him with a shotgun."

"I can't buy the extreme viewpoint," says another young man standing on a Waite intersection where bulldozers had cleared away the vestiges of a supermarket and liquor store. "It offers no future, it seems to me, but wiping 'them' out and then sitting around waiting for someone to get us."

"But a lot of folks around here look up to these guys as though they were modern American revolutionaries. Maybe they're right. Maybe I don't give any more reasons for revolt in 1775 than there are here right now."

Is there an answer? Not without honest, black-and-white dialogue that penetrates the ghetto

 $\mathbb{C}Q_{k+2,1}/I_k$

A black and white portrait of a woman with short, dark, curly hair. She is smiling broadly, showing her teeth. She is wearing a light-colored top with a lace or beaded trim along the neckline. The background is a plain, light color.

"So I've been using it ever since. When I feel a headache com-

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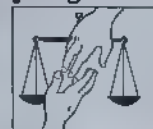
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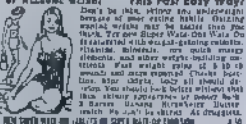
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WATER-ON



'We want what Whitey is not ready to give'

EXTREMISTS

wad and addresses itself to the
entire pen, up with a it

"It would help enormously in America if there were a 10-year moratorium on the word 'love,'" says Letona Bennett. "It is not required, finally, that we love each other. What is required is something infinitely more difficult—for us to confront each other."

The conversation in a dingy, cavernous bar gone on for three hours and become less guarded.

Q: Will the extremists hold together once it all starts?

A: Who knows? It's easy, you know, to sit around cafes and shrill "Freedom!" It's a lot colder out on the streets, even to mal-summer, when they're shooting at you.

Q: What is it exactly that the brothers want? Is there anything that would call it off, even tem-

A: Nothing that Whitey's ready to give.

Q: What's the end of it?

A: Man, I don't know. Concentration camps, maybe, like for the Japanese on the West Coast in 1942. Some of the brothers talk about victory, but this is nonsense. It's like all wars. First there's a reason, then an incident — and bloody! We'll fight because

there's no choice. There's some satisfaction just in knowing how much we can be raised while last.

Q: Once a revolt starts, are all white men targets?

A: Gotta be.

Q: How about the whites who've laid their lives on the line for the Negroes in the South?

A: Some of us would like to know, at least, to know you know, they've earned 'em. God knows, if we thought it would work. But it wouldn't.

Q: You're a well-educated, well-read man. Would you really pick up a gun and man the barricades?

A: Baby, most revolutionaries are civilized, well-educated men with a cause they think is righteous. I'll be on the line when the time comes.

Q: Do you think you want to die?

A: I'd like to come out alive, baby. But y'know, at 4 o'clock in the morning some days I just don't see how. This thing has got to be resolved in my generation.

Q: If I came into your's gate, would you pull the trigger?

A: Without batting an eye, baby.

A Negro writes his wrath on a reporter during the 1964 Harlem riots in which one person was killed, 110 injured (including 13 policemen). And we only went to school there," says an extremist.



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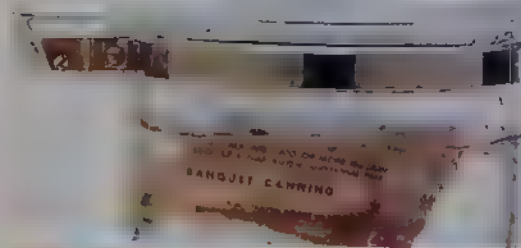


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sandwich
this good
takes time.



(8 minutes.)

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MUSIC / Mireille Mathieu is a ghostly echo of Edith Piaf

When Mireille Mathieu first appeared for a few minutes on French TV screens (*uh-huh*), her face was unknown. But her voice sent a quiver of recognition through millions of viewers. Its sweet, earthy quality reminded them vividly of the great Edith Piaf, whose plaintive songs made her a national idol until her death in 1963. After that one telecast, Mireille, who like Piaf came from a poor family (*uh-huh*), became the most

talked-about singer in France. The crowds who flocked to see her at Paris' Olympia music hall acclaimed her as the reborn "Sparrow of the Streets." In the U.S. last month for several guest appearances on TV, she signed a Hollywood contract to make a movie there next summer. Meanwhile, back in France, composers who once wrote Piaf's wistful songs of love and suffering were writing more like it for Mireille.

New

'Sparrow' Stirs France

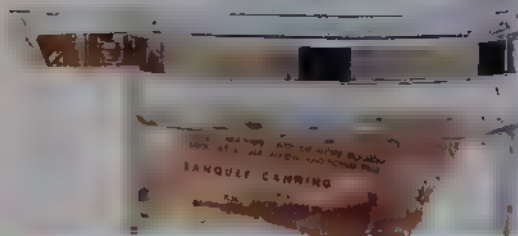


A hot turkey
sandwich
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The
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A New

'Sparrow' Stirs France

On visit to Avignon home, Mireille (center) lines up with parents and 11 of her 12 brothers and sisters near the town's famous bridge.





In a parlor in Avignon, Mireille's parents watch their youngest son Henri listen as she practices with her budding town voice teacher. It is the only formal training she ever had. At left, Maurice Chevalier decorates

Mireille with typical Gallic fervor after her appearance on TV, rubs her in him at Paris. Below, visiting Hautes-Bretagne on her U.S. tour, Mireille sings to speak to English, delights choir with her own version of gospel singing—in French.



'Nothing could make that voice better'

It has all happened so breathlessly fast. At Mireille's, she has a considerable professionalism to catch up on. John J. Sork, the famed Paris impresario who arranged her first big break at the Olympia, was astute enough to see the short comings, but seem to have escaped the rest of France and many of Hollywood, too. Mireille has all to earn, he says, how to walk, how to breathe, how to enunciate properly.

But no one should ever touch that voice. It's a pure gift. 'Nothing could make it better.' Whence came this Piaf influence? Not from any kind of suffering, certainly. For Mireille, at 19, has been regularly free of that. In any case, Maurice Chevalier, one of the great and greatest of Piaf admirers, says of the young newcomer: 'Charming, pretty, she has everything she needs.'



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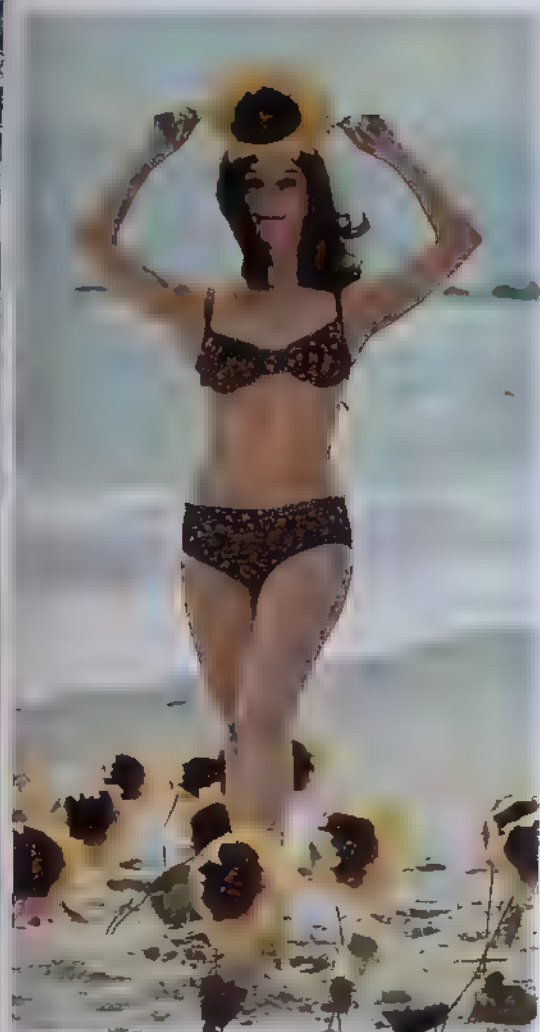
FASHION

Eye-catching Op for a Swim

These young ladies are of the new crop of Hollywood actresses, succeeding in their time-honored way in looking absolutely smashing while not getting wet in their swim

suits. Immensely varied and provocative, the new swimsuits are almost anything today's biki designers choose to make of them, from Rudi Gernreich's bodaciousque

tank suit (below) to sleek, undyed surfers and stripped-down maillots printed in eye-catching Op art. But traditionalists need not despair: the old-fashioned bikini is as in as ever

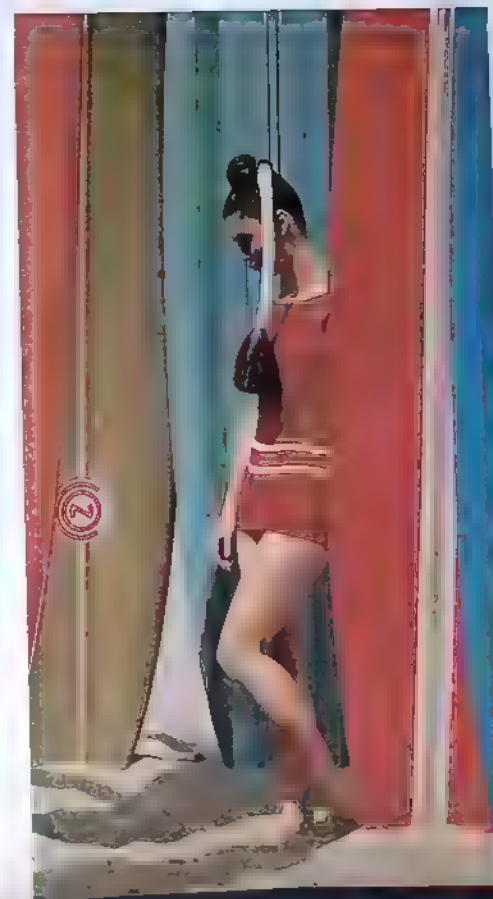


Two flowers are printed on a tiny cotton bikini (Bob Cunningham, \$19) worn by actress Cami Seuring in a field of paper sunflowers planted on beach by photographer Orlando

Jersey tank suit has bulesque type matching base added as gag for midnight pool parties (Rudi Gernreich, \$30). It stars Mar Michaels who plays in film version of Batman



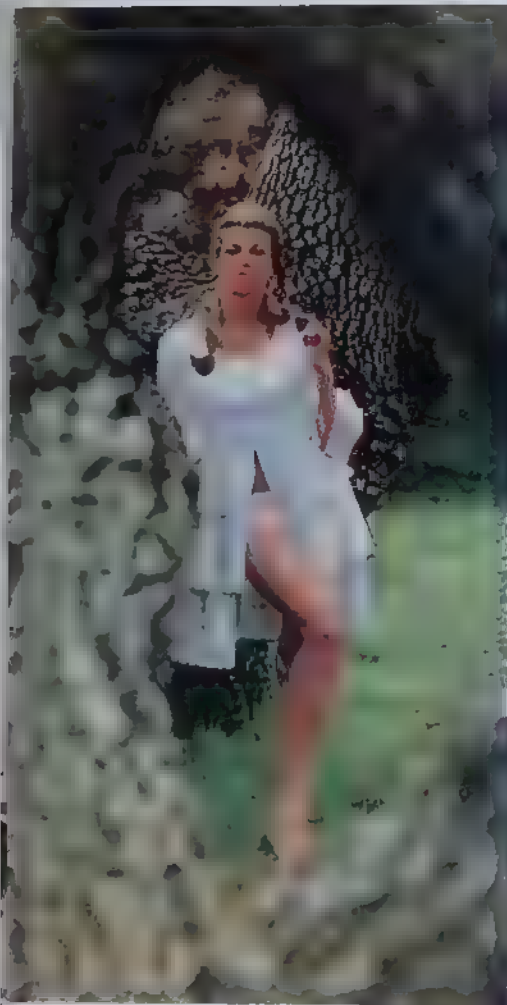
Op type print in rayon bikini (Lar, \$19) is meant for serious swimming but worn here at home by Jackie Lane for lounging on overcast guano rug. Jackie will play a World War II Italian girl in a fall TV series called Yankee Stay Home



Careered up suit for surfing has the traditional contrasting bands. Cole of California, \$20. It ends Wagner who is co-starring in Warner's A Covenant with Death, is an expert surfer. Here she takes a cue from another sport by wrapping her long hair in tape like a polo pony's tail.

CONTINUED

*Beruffled, covered up and
a daring cutout*



*Ruffled beach coat of cotton eye
let (Bob Cunningham: \$30) is worn
by Anne Newman in a maturing
film. She will appear on stage in
California this summer in a How-
ard Hays production of Elmer.*

*Palm dots in sunbust effect high-
light daring swims in one piece
swimsuit of nylon (Sea B's, \$24). The
girl is decorated is 23-year-old Chris
Noel, a TV actress who is also en-
gaged to popular singer Jack Jones.*



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The Gay Face of a New Nation



Masked dancers celebrate independence in the streets of Georgetown. Above, a statue of Queen Victoria still looms over Town Hall—but the flag has since been hauled down.

Masked dancers frolicked last week in Georgetown, capital of the new nation of Guyana. They were celebrating their country's independence after 152 years of English rule, symbolized by the prominent statue of Queen Victoria (above), overlooking Town Hall. Formerly British Guiana, the nation—81,000 square miles between Venezuela and Dutch Guiana—already has its troubles. Its population of 650,000 is bitterly divided between a largely illiterate East Indian majority that lives in rural areas and a comparatively well-schooled Negro minority that holds most of the best jobs in the cities and in the government. Two years ago, in racial riots, 200 people were killed and thousands injured. Prime Minister Forbes Burnham hopes to lessen racial tensions by taking Indians into his cabinet and police force. He has already proved himself a consummate politician. Though a nationalist, he is allowing British troops on his soil for a transitional period, and his socialist beliefs have not prevented him from accepting Western aid.

Amid Rodeos and Pomp the Union Jack Is Struck



Festivities in the capital included rodeos and exhibitions of elegant horsemanship. The girls at left didn't do any riding, but their costumes managed to throw several bystanders.

The Duke of Kent, Queen Elizabeth's representative, hands over the constitution to Prime Minister Burnham (above) at opening of parliament to symbolize the end of British rule.

Troopers of British Middlesex Regiment and members of the Guyanese defense force stand at attention (below) as the Guyanese flag goes up and the British flag comes down.



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THE LOUD AND THE SOFT OF IT

There's nothing a Swedish baritone likes better than to nestle his chin firmly into his collar and shake the rafters with a solo like the one from the cantata *Soluret Och Urnan*. Baritone Erik Saeden was doing just that in the Stockholm Concert House when Conductor Herbert Blomstedt urgently called for a little

less volume. *Pianissimo*, at the very climax of *Soluret Och Urnan*? Happily, Saeden's concentration was too complete for him to notice the command—which was just as well, because the maestro was only shushing the orchestra so that the baritone's voice could be heard all the way to the last row in the peanut gallery.

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